

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The Future of Kashmir

► THE POLITICAL RENAISSANCE of Southeast Asia is a very recent phenomenon. Indeed, until the end of the Second World War, this vast area continued to occupy the status of political and economic dependence upon a handful of Western imperial powers, notably Great Britain, the Netherlands, France and the United States. Foremost in the struggle for emancipation were the peoples of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent now composed of two sovereign members of the Commonwealth of Nations, the Republic of India and the Dominion of Pakistan. Yet, their achievement of independence was accompanied by a catastrophic series of events, the most dramatic of which was the unprecedented two-way migration of almost 14 million persons and the death by physical violence, malnutrition and the inhumanity of man to man, of an additional million people in the northern part of the sub-continent.

Since that time the relations between India and Pakistan have been characterized by a profound crisis, a crisis which has found expression in persistent tension, mutual distrust and animosity, the continuous propaganda and periodic economic warfare, with an ever-present threat of military conflict, and a tragic impasse in the efforts to resolve the varied disputes arising out of the Partition of 1947. Among these disputes the most significant has been the struggle for Kashmir, a highly strategic prize in Central Asia which has served as the principal obstacle to a *modus vivendi*, let alone a reconciliation between Delhi and Karachi.

The Kashmir dispute and the ensuing deadlock, now entering its seventh year, is, in the broadest perspective, a by-product of the policy of uncertainty regarding the Indian princely States which was bequeathed by Great Britain on the eve of its departure from the sub-continent in 1947. In transferring authority to the successor governments of India and Pakistan, London granted the princes *carte blanche* in deciding their future constitutional status, the alternatives being accession to India or Pakistan, or independence, which would have meant Balkanization and utter confusion. In reality, the overwhelming majority of the 562 princely states had little choice because the factors of geographical contiguity and communal composition determined their decision. And, indeed, only three territorial foci of conflict emerged, namely Kashmir, Hyderabad, and Junagadh which, unlike all other princely domains, were characterized by a communal cleavage between the rulers and the bulk of their subjects. Yet, it was Kashmir, the largest, and one of the

most populous of the pre-partition princely states, which was destined to become the critical territorial issue between India and Pakistan.

Kashmir alone borders on both countries, and its raw material resources are valuable to its neighboring giants. Moreover, its location is an asset of unique proportions. Although little known to the West, Kashmir juts into the heart of Central Asia, its northernmost frontier being the point of convergence of Pakistan, Afghanistan, the Soviet Union and China. To these material considerations must be added an ideological factor which, in the opinion of the writer, sheds much light on the meaning of Kashmir and the intensity of the conflict. Stated succinctly, the issue is a secular state versus a state resting on religious foundations, and the disposition of Kashmir is a symbol of immense importance for the future Weltanschauung and internal politics of both India and Pakistan.

Indian leaders, especially Pandit Nehru, have frequently stressed the role of Kashmir in the context of a secular-theological struggle in the new republic. Should a plebiscite be held, and should the predominantly Muslim population of Kashmir (about 77 per cent prior to 1947) vote for accession to India, the ideological foundation of Pakistan, namely the two-nation theory, would receive a severe setback. *Pari*

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Editorials

Politics and Atomic Weapons

In his State of the Union message President Eisenhower said that his defence policy "will enable us to negotiate from a position of strength." He confirmed, and made a virtue of, his government's intention to concentrate on atomic weapons, while reducing manpower and conventional armaments. Shortly afterwards the U.S. Navy announced that it was retiring from service fifty vessels. Apparently the Republicans' commitment to tax reduction can only be honored by decreasing drastically expenditures in the two spheres where large cuts are possible: national defence and foreign aid. Meanwhile Russia, according to all accounts, continues to build up her army, navy and air force.

Whatever the military feasibility of the U.S. policy, the overwhelming dependence on atomic weapons is likely to be a handicap in the struggle for world opinion. The Russians will be able to put forward proposals for international control or reduction of atomic weapons with the knowledge that the United States is not in a favorable position to call their bluff. The shape of things to come may have been foreshadowed when President Eisenhower failed to deal with the control of atomic weapons in his dramatic plea to the United Nations for the international pooling of nuclear resources for world development. To the foreign observer it would seem that important interests of the Western Allies are, in some measure, being sacrificed to the exigencies of U.S. politics.

The Housing Act

Just before the Christmas recess, the government introduced into the House of Commons proposals for amending the National Housing Act. By the time this issue of the *Forum* is in print, the bill will have reached, and perhaps passed, the committee stage. Few changes are likely to have been made along the way. The government has discussed the subject at length with the banks, and the bill presumably represents a meeting of their respective points of view.

The opposition parties can raise objections only in detail, since they seem to be in general agreement with the purpose of the legislation. The P.C.'s can have no strong feeling against a bill which divests Central Mortgage & Housing Corporation of its joint lending powers and turns the business over to private enterprise. The CCF might prefer to have CMHC continue in the mortgage lending field, especially if it could be made to supply funds at 2 per cent. Some Social Credit members would, of course, have the Bank of Canada lend at no interest whatever. Apart from the fact that such unrealistic rates for mortgage money would remove one of the basic economic criteria which determine whether or not houses should be built, there is no clear reason why the buyers of ordinary NHA houses should be subsidized. The average prospective home owner is probably about as well off as the average Canadian, though he is indeed much less fortunate in happening to need a house at this particular time. If the opposition parties wish to pursue specific welfare objectives through housing legislation, they should concentrate on those parts of the act—such as the slum clearance clauses—which are clearly relevant.

This is not to say that the NHA of 1954 has no faults. One weakness is that too many details are left to the uncontrolled discretion of the CMHC. For example, insufficient stress is placed in the statute itself on the role of the Cor-

poration's inspectors. If income and employment should remain at their present high levels, there will be a tendency for the increased demand produced by the Act to be dissipated in higher house prices, even if costs do not rise. It is the inspectors' responsibility to see that lending values are not inflated by wider builders' profit margins. This, as well as other powers and responsibilities of the inspectors, should be broadly defined by the Act and not left to the entire discretion of CMHC officials, even though the latter doubtless perform their duties in the best interests of the public.

Another matter is that the central clauses of the new Act will not help to get many houses built in a sizeable recession. The banks would judge loans according to their usual criteria, which would rule out of the market many middle and low income borrowers. If the government proposes to counteract a possible recession with deficit spending, it might well find it convenient to pump money into the economy through CMHC, since the banks cannot fairly be expected to embark on such operations. The insignificant clause at the end of the new act which provides for direct loans by CMHC might one day turn out to provide for more than the period of transition leading up to the entry of the banks into the mortgage market.

The Future of Senator McCarthy

It is going on four years since Senator McCarthy first became a national figure in American politics. The political life-span of American demagogues has usually been short, but McCarthy has managed to last longer than the wisest observers ever thought he could. Those who are most knowing and most capable of detached judgment have consistently expected the Senator to ride his luck too hard and suddenly



EACH AGE IS A DREAM

By L. H. Garstin

"This little book looks at first glance much less explosive than it really is . . . Mr. Garstin's study, which it would not be unfair to compare with Toynbee's monumental work, is aimed at a prediction of the future of our society . . . It is refreshing to find someone who is not a professional historian (Mr. G. is a high school teacher) taking a broad and detached view of our society, and coming up with a stimulating and well-written study of our times."—*Phil Murphy, The Telegram, Toronto.*

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collapse like a balloon, becoming a quasi-comic figure repudiated by professional politicians, the press, and, inferentially, by the vast amorphous public. Since the Senator's recent squabbles with the Eisenhower administration this expectation is once again on the ascendant, but it has become so fixed a stance on the part of the Lippmanns, the Alsops, and journals like the *New York Times* that it carries less conviction each time the Senator recoups his prestige and wins new headlines.

The reason why McCarthy has been so phenomenally successful is, of course, because—unlike Huey Long or Theodore Bilbo—he has linked his appeal and his fortunes to a foreign policy issue rather than to a domestic issue. More accurately, he has managed to translate a foreign policy issue rising out of troubled world conditions which promise to remain troubled for a long time to come into a domestic issue: Communist infiltration of American society, which was once a real though limited problem, but has diminished in importance in precise inverse proportion to the rise of Soviet power as a military threat to the Western world. The Senator's ingenuity in relating a problem located in the relatively uncontrollable sphere of world politics to domestic conditions for which U.S. governments are responsible is remarkable and has not yet been fully exercised. In his recent television speech he stressed not only the direct danger of "spies and traitors in high places" but also the dependence of high taxes, the unbalanced budget, and even the farm problem on the defence economy which the betrayals of Soviet agents are alleged to have made necessary. Thus his issue can be broadened beyond the narrow limits of "internal security" as such and all American problems can be subordinated to the one big problem of fighting the internal communist conspiracy, which is McCarthy's stock-in-trade.

Should Cold War tensions remain acute and require the maintenance of heavy defense expenditures which produce inflationary pressures in the American economy, McCarthy's tactic might win him new support from groups suffering from high prices and taxes. But it is hard to see how he can be versatile enough to adapt his appeal to a public that is becoming alarmed over deflation and stirred by painful memories of the great depression. In face of the threat of a depression, it might be possible for him to exploit suppressed desires for a return to the "prosperity drenched in blood" that the Republicans made so much of in countering the Democratic campaign slogans of 1952. In this situation McCarthy could identify himself with a program of stepping-up the Cold War under the banners of a policy of "liberating" China or Eastern Europe. If he could in this manner adapt his issue to a changed economic situation at home, he might remain a political power for many years to come.

Yet, granted McCarthy's very considerable political talents, it is difficult to imagine his being able to hold his following among the lower-income groups by this strategy, let alone expand it. Unlike the Germans, Americans are probably too pacific a people to buy a policy of substituting foreign war for depression. As one observer recently put it: "McCarthyism is the luxury of a full-employment economy." Belated though the fulfilment of their predictions may be, the pundits who see McCarthy as a transitory figure likely to have little lasting influence on the American scene will probably be proven right before long.

DENNIS H. WRONG

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

Conservation Conference

To bring Conservation into public focus and to provide specific definitions of its bearing upon the life of Canada, a national conference has been arranged by the Canadian Forestry Association to be held at the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, April 22 and 23, 1954. Policy for Canada's renewable resources will be the general theme of the Ottawa gathering, the scope and authority of which is assured by joint participation of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, the Agricultural Institute of Canada, the Engineering Institute of Canada, and the Canadian Institute of Forestry. Two hundred delegates from all parts of Canada are expected.

Existing policy for each branch of conservation will be surveyed by speakers of distinction, and examined and elucidated by selected authorities, dealing specifically with the Maritimes, Central Canada, Western Canada, and British Columbia. National forest policy requirements will be treated by R. M. Fowler, president of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, followed by four expert discussions of the problem as it affects the major forest regions from coast to coast. Soil and water, clearly associated with forests as renewable assets, will be presented by M. M. Porter, Q.C., of Calgary. Wildlife and recreational resources will be considered during the second day.

What gives significance to the April conference at Ottawa is the fact that each announcement of policy will represent the agreed conclusion of the nation-wide technical and institutional groups identified with forestry, agriculture, water conservation, and the interests of wildlife and recreation. Pronouncements will thereby carry a stamp of authority of high value to the Federal and Provincial Governments, and to the people of Canada, in assaying the present situation of the renewable resources and shaping courses of beneficial action.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

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A reasonable course in art appreciation in schools would at least equip an individual to sense the ugliness of much of present-day environment in cities—even if it did not stir creative imagination. Art is not an irrational mysterv, but it is true that ordinary middle-aged folk nowadays have lost the critical faculty, or the pleasure of enjoyment in an exhibition of pictures, a symphony concert, or the understanding of beauty in architecture. Art is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the commercially minded when used as a medium to excite the unwary into expenditure of money, and as mere entertainment. As a means of adding to our conceptions of life as a whole, bringing us into touch with wider and more stimulating forms of expression, freeing us from prejudice—art, in spite of art movements, galleries, and museums, is not yet admitted into human consciousness as a social function, to be enjoyed. In public education the younger generations would grow in the appreciation of art in music, sculpture, painting, and architecture, if it were made part of a wisely graded course. The capacity for enjoyment and critical judgement in the formation of standards and tastes in the making and upkeep of cities, would be vastly stimulated. Appreciation of art must be commenced early in life.

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Canadian Calendar

Canada's population is estimated to have reached the 15,000,000 figure early in December. The figure was 3,000,000 at Confederation in 1867 and 5,300,000 in 1901.

A current account deficit of \$386,000,000 in Canada's international balance of payments is reported by the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa for the nine months ended Sept. 30, 1953. This contrasts with a surplus of \$138,000,000 for the 1952 period.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has promised to give careful study to British Columbia proposals for a multi-million dollar joint federal-provincial economic attack on the Pacific Coast's hinterland.

The first Canadian television station west of the Great Lakes started regular programming at Vancouver on December 16, 1953.

A plan to reduce the down-payments and lengthen the mortgage terms on low and medium-priced houses was put before the Commons on Dec. 16 by Public Works Minister Winters.

Transport Minister Chevrier announced to the Commons on Dec. 16 that Trans-Canada Air Lines will be able to go ahead with a service to Mexico as planned. The plan was held up for a while by the adverse decision of the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board relating to the use of Tampa, Florida, as a stopping-point.

Four young actors and two artists have won this year's Canadian Amateur Hockey Association scholarships for cultural studies abroad.

On Dec. 14 the Commons at the urging of H. W. Herridge (CCF, Kootenay West), canvassed the deficiencies of conservation in Canada and considered what should be done about them, but came to no practical conclusion.

The contrast between theory and practice in the matter of free trade in the United States continues to be marked. President Eisenhower has declared that the adoption of freer trade practices would benefit not only the U.S. but the world at large. Yet in December Canada "agreed" to limit oat shipments to the U.S. by 50 per cent while the U.S. Agriculture Department announced that it will shortly recommend to the President that he clamp down on the imports of rye from Canada.

The biggest building boom in the history of any Canadian city hit Metropolitan Toronto during 1953. The cost of new construction between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31 will amount almost to \$30,000,000—fully 50 per cent higher than last year's record.

The Hollinger Gold Mine strike at Timmins was settled just before Christmas. The union lost its fight for the check-off of union dues, accepted an 18-month contract and was confined to five cents an hour increase.

Hon. David Alton Ure, Alberta's 43-year-old minister of agriculture, was killed on Dec. 23, in a highway crash.

The work of the Institute of Oceanography at the University of British Columbia will be of tremendous value in the event of submarine warfare, according to Dr. O. M. Solandt, chairman of the Defence Research Board of Canada. "The school's course is a splendid example of the first-class job universities can do with a little outside help," he said.

The appointment of John B. C. Watkins, present Canadian Minister to Norway, as Ambassador to Russia, is expected soon, according to official sources. He served as chargé d'affaires in Moscow from 1949 to 1951. The embassy has been without an ambassador since shortly after the spy trials of 1946.

On Dec. 28 the Noranda Mines employees, by a vote of 730 to 79, rejected the company's offer of 7½ per cent increase in wages and endorsed a continuation of the four-month-old strike.

Gerald W. Brown, of Pickering, Ont., has been appointed publisher and vice-president of the *Vancouver News Herald*.

On Dec. 28, members of the Sons of Freedom Doukhobors renewed pleas that the B.C. Department of Education end its demands that their children attend school. They were told that the present government policy regarding school attendance would be enforced.

The Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation has voted to marshal the entire resources of its 6200 members in every Ontario community to fight the single salary schedule issue (by which secondary school and public school teachers are paid at the same rate) to the bitter end.

Canada's construction industry in 1953 handled \$4,500,000,000 worth of business, an all-time record.

Trans-Canada Air Lines carried 15 per cent more passengers this year than in 1952. The year-end estimate of passenger traffic was 1,300,000, a record for the government-owned airline.

Trans-Canada Air Lines announced on Jan. 14 that two four-engined North Star aircraft will operate daily to St. John's, Newfoundland, through Halifax, beginning Feb. 1. One flight will originate in Toronto, the other in Montreal.

The moving-picture "Martin Luther" has been banned in the Province of Quebec.

The secret meeting between Igor Gouzenko and U.S. Congressional investigators took place at an undisclosed spot on Monday, Jan. 4. It was presided over by Chief Justice J. C. McRuer of the High Court of Ontario.

Prime Minister St. Laurent will embark on a trip around the world by air on Feb. 4. He will visit such points as London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Bahrain, Karachi, New Delhi, Colombo, Jakarta, Manila, Seoul and Tokyo, but will not go to New Zealand and Australia, as originally planned, mainly on account of the Royal tour which is taking place in those countries.

A master plan to guide Ontario along the path of its destiny as one of the world's great industrial heartlands has been prepared by the Planning and Development Department of the provincial government. It will divide Ontario into five economically logical areas: (1) the Lake Ontario, Niagara region from Oshawa to Niagara Falls, (2) Southwestern Ontario, (3) Southeastern Ontario, (4) Northern Ontario, (5) Northwestern Ontario, over each of which areas will be set up a central authority responsible for channelling future growth along orderly lines.

Canadian Government geologists have made a discovery only 800 miles from the North Pole which some day may surpass the oil wealth of Alberta. The discovery comprises "salt domes" far north of the Arctic Circle about 2000 miles

north of Winnipeg. It takes in the northern part of Melville Island, Ellef Ringnes Island and the west coast of Axel Heiberg Island, all approximately in the centre of the Arctic Archipelago. Under the treeless stretch of tundra may lie one of the biggest reservoirs of oil in the world.

Cabinet approval has been given a billion-dollar defence program that will keep Canada's principal aircraft manufacturing facilities in full operation until about 1960.

Governor-General Vincent Massey suggested in an address before the Canadian Club of Toronto that French should be taught to public school children in English-speaking Canada. It was the duty of the Canadian clubs, he said, to make every English-speaking Canadian "as familiar with and as proud of the achievements of his French-speaking fellow-citizen as he is of his own."

The government has proposed a bill to raise first-class mail rates one cent an ounce.

A new source of friction between the Federal Government and the Duplessis Government of Quebec appeared in the making when Premier Duplessis announced on Jan. 14 that the Quebec Government would collect a personal income tax amounting to 15 per cent of the federal income tax. Under the federal law 5 per cent is the limit which provincial income taxpayers can deduct from their federal tax payment. Quebec is the one provincial government which has refused to sign a tax rental agreement with the Federal Government.

THE FUTURE OF KASHMIR

(Continued from front page)

passu, the forces of secularism in Indian politics would be vitally strengthened. By contrast, a popular decision of the Kashmiris to accede to Pakistan would be, for the Pakistanis, the outside world, and the extremist Hindu groups in India a striking confirmation of the hypothesis that Hindus and Muslims cannot live together in harmony. Of even greater human consequence is the fact that upon the outcome of this dispute depends the social, economic, political and, according to many, the physical security of the large Muslim minority in India (35 to 40 millions) and the considerable Hindu minority in Pakistan (about 12 millions).

The stakes of Kashmir are, therefore, very great indeed: a strategic location of great importance in the world politics of the mid-twentieth century (for Kashmir stands at the crossroads of Central Asia and borders the Eurasian heartland); economic resources of considerable value; a test of the relative strength of secularism and communalism; and a key to the security of the minorities in both countries.

The history of Indo-Pakistan relations during the past six years also reveals that the struggle for Kashmir has been—and continues to be—the most formidable barrier to a genuine rapprochement between the successors to the British Indian Empire. It was the cause of limited warfare in 1947-1948 and has periodically threatened a recurrence of military combat between Delhi and Karachi. It serves as the Gordian knot in the complex of unresolved disputes arising out of the partition of the sub-continent such as canal waters, evacuee property, and the treatment of minorities. It has poisoned the atmosphere permeating all Indo-Pakistan conferences and has made it exceedingly difficult to solve any of these disputes.



Perhaps the most tangible expression of its impact on the sub-continent has been the wasteful diversion of its limited resources into a fruitless arms race necessitated by the threat of war ever-present as long as the dispute over Kashmir remains unresolved. This arms race, involving approximately 80 per cent and 50 per cent of the annual current income of Pakistan and India respectively, has seriously impaired the vitally necessary plans for the economic development of both countries.

Nor has its influence been negligible on their attitude to the United Nations, the Western Powers and the Middle East. Finally, this tragic conflict has exacerbated the relations between the Hindu and Muslim communities, and has brought fear of the future to Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs in Kashmir who have learned to live together in cooperative endeavor and who provided an experiment of communal harmony in the communally hypersensitive sub-continent. The impasse thus acts as a cancerous growth gnawing at the foundations of both India and Pakistan, preventing their rapprochement, and impeding the fulfilment of their aspirations for economic progress, psychological security, and peace.

MICHAEL BRECHER

More Tariff Protection

► DUMPING IS DEFINED in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade as the sale of a product in an importing country when the price is "less than the comparable price . . . for the like product when destined for consumption in the exporting country." Such a practice is condemned by the Agreement and the country in which the dumping takes place is permitted to protect itself by levying additional duties on the dumped imports. Dumping has traditionally been considered to be harmful to the importing country. This view is, of course, quite misguided when the dumping is a permanent phenomenon. In such a case the consumers in the importing country are able to purchase the commodity in question at a lower price than that which they could normally expect and their standard of living is thereby raised. If such dumping prevents the profitable operation of a domestic industry this is only a sign that it is cheaper for the importing country to obtain the goods by the indirect process of producing other goods for export and purchasing the dumped imports with the proceeds. The country's level of economic welfare is higher without a domestic industry. However, where dumping is sporadic and unpredictable, it may well make for an undesirable instability in the domestic industry that competes with imports. The difficulty of distinguishing permanent from sporadic dumping at any moment of time is one reason for resistance to all forms of dumping.

The word dumping is not always used in the sense approved by the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Indeed, it is often used as a kind of swear-word to describe trade practices of which we disapprove. Goods emanating from behind the Iron Curtain are readily suspected of being "dumped." The charge of "dumping" is often used as an excuse for an ordinary increase in tariff protection. Such is the case of the new "anti-dumping" provision of the Canadian Customs Act.

The Canadian government felt obliged to take some steps to ameliorate the position of the Canadian textile industry which is a high-cost industry much affected by competition from imports, especially from the United States, despite a high level of tariff protection. The position of the industry is especially difficult at the end of each season when prices fall, because manufacturers sell off the goods that remain in their stocks at prices lower than those prevailing during the sea-

son. Manufacturers in the United States sell in Canada despite the duty of roughly from 20 to 30 per cent ad valorem as well as in the United States. These sales have been called "dumping" in order to make additional protection more palatable to the Canadian public, but there is no question of the price of textiles being lower for export to Canada than for sale in the United States. Thus these sales are not dumping in the accepted sense of the word; neither are they sporadic since they recur at the end of each season and hence are a characteristic of that market.

Under the new Subsection 6 of Section 35 of the Customs Act, Canadian customs appraisers are not to accept the actual price paid for manufactured goods as a basis for the value for duty purposes of the goods if they suppose that this price is below "normal." The "normal" price is that which prevails at times other than the end of the season or of the marketing period when inventories are liquidated. It is to be determined by calculating the weighted average of the prices charged by the manufacturer for similar goods over a past period which may be as long as six months. The calculation of such an average will involve the scrutiny of the books of the manufacturer and will take considerable time during which the importer will be uncertain as to the duty he will ultimately have to pay. Uncertainty is itself a barrier to trade as has so often been pointed out to the government of the United States by Canadian businessmen and governmental officials when, in the past, they complained of the procedures of the United States Customs. When it appears from such calculations that the invoice price of some imports is lower than the average price of earlier shipments, the customs officer will presumably have to decide whether this is due to end-of-season sales or to other factors. He will have difficulty in telling. In a period when prices of imports are tending to fall because of other factors, this change in the procedure for valuation may result in an increase in the effective rate of duty.

This is not the first time that the Minister of National Revenue or the Governor-in-Council has been given discretionary powers in matters of the customs but the new provision does reverse the trend of recent years in this field. We had prided ourselves in our progress toward a simpler and more predictable administration of the customs in which the value for duty purposes was the actual amount paid by the importer. If an importer felt aggrieved by the customs, appeal could be made to the Tariff Board. Under the new provision, the value for duty is fictitious and no appeal is possible, for the value for duty is stated in the law to be that "determined and declared by the Minister."

It is impossible to foresee accurately the effect of the new provision. We do not know how far the end-of-season price will have to fall before the additional protection of higher duties and administrative delay is given the domestic industry. Neither do we know to which industries this added protection will be given. The government has stated that the most pressing need for such "anti-dumping" protection is in the textile industry; but it could be applied to all imports of manufactured goods whose prices fluctuate and no doubt will be, when other domestic industries run into difficulties and they and the representatives of their employees protest against foreign competition.

The government has not given a detailed explanation of the effect of the new provision, possibly because it has not yet itself worked out all its implications. If this is the case, it is unfortunate that Parliament should have passed a bill giving such considerable freedom of action to the Minister of National Revenue when neither the government nor itself is quite sure of the eventual effect of the new subsection.

HARRY C. EASTMAN

Impressions of Yugoslavia

David Price

► IN A TINY TWIN-ENGINE plane reeking of garlic and salami four Serbs, five Croatians, five French, two English, two Americans and I travelled from Le Bourget airport in Paris to a hayfield landing strip near Zagreb, Yugoslavia. I had no sooner set foot on Yugoslav soil than an official snatched my passport and was off. It was forty-five minutes before I retrieved the precious document from the official who had apparently forgotten about me. I then climbed into a bus—the only one of its kind in Zagreb—and drove into the city. All along the way, children rushed out to us; grownups, and even geese, turned and stared.

At the city air depot an old man came up and thrust into my hand an English folder on Serbia, then one on Macedonia. A few minutes later he returned and beaming with pride presented me with a third folder: "Bring your loved ones to America." Before I completely exhausted his supply of English literature, a porter appeared. He picked up my baggage, put it on a cart and pushed on for at least a mile in and out of crowds and streetcars to my hotel on the other side of the city.

I arrived just in time for my first dinner in Yugoslavia and ordered "svinjjski raznjici na zaru"—succulent morsels of lamb roasted in front of me on an open grill and served with garlic on a skewer. Of course, there was wine—though very much diluted. Yugoslavs mix one-third of wine with two-thirds of mineral water—an unforgivable blasphemy to the French. However, the national drink — slivovica — or plum brandy, is admired by native and foreigner alike. Probably the most potent drink after vodka, slivovica sells for seventy-five cents a bottle and is consumed at the slightest provocation.

The people of Yugoslavia are friendly, hospitable and excessively generous. They seem to look upon a foreigner as a personal guest. Once, when a waiter served my Croatian companion before me, my host was furious and told off the waiter in no uncertain terms. My friend turned to me apologetically and said that he knew in Canada a waiter would never treat a foreign guest in such a way. Rather than disillusion him, I said nothing.

Several days after my arrival I was taken for a short drive twelve miles into the country. My friend Vladimir had gone to no end of trouble to find someone with a car and had managed to borrow one of the few cars I saw in Zagreb—a twenty-year-old wreck which the owner had bought for one thousand dollars. Four of us climbed into this extraordinary contraption and chugged out of the city. Twelve miles out of Zagreb it broke down. Apparently this was to be expected. Every twelve miles the car stopped they told me and a little pressure from behind was necessary. They jumped out and started to push all the time insisting I remain seated in the car. The only way I could get out to help was under pretext of taking their photographs. Soon our twelve miles were up once more—this time on top of a hill. Again I was practically locked inside until they had got it going. On the way back to the city the driver asked me what we would think of his car in Canada. I told him quite truthfully that we would enjoy it immensely.

One of my driving companions, Josip, was just about to embark upon his compulsory military service, a prospect he understandably loathed. All along the way he would lean his head out of the car window until I finally asked if he were feeling ill. "Wish I were," he replied, "I'm sticking my

head out the window to try and get sinus." Apparently, with sinusitis, he could postpone his military service indefinitely. It was obviously not his day for germs. Two days later I saw him along with a thousand other fellows being hustled into trucks and taken to camp. Every able-bodied male must serve for two months every two years. This partly accounts for the fact that the military seem to comprise one in three of the population. Everywhere you look you find a soldier in his grubby khaki outfit. Next month the Yugoslav army is being issued with uniforms similar to the American, a great improvement over the present sloppier-than-the-Russian dress.

The evening before he left for the army, Josip invited me home to listen to his collection of records. Rotund, jovial Josip put on a disc and leaned back to enjoy the strains of Louis Armstrong's "Flim-flam-floozie with the floy-floy." At the end of the record he leaned over to me and seriously asked, "Now what does that mean?" He was greatly relieved to learn that it meant no more in English than it did in Croatian.

Has eight years of communism dampened religious feeling in Catholic Croatia? On my first Sunday in Yugoslavia I decided to find out and visited Zagreb's four main churches. Although it was not the time for Mass, each church was filled. It is conceded that in Yugoslavia today twenty-five per cent more people attend church than before the war. Many feel it is the only positive way they can show their resentment toward the regime. Of course it is inconceivable for any communist to attend divine service. He would soon find himself excommunicated from the Party.

In Zagreb's beautiful cathedral, Cardinal Stepinac



DON SHEPPARD (Ottawa Drama League)—FRAN JONES

preached to his people until condemned in 1945 to eighteen years confinement. Members of his congregation insist that in his sermons during the war he spoke strongly against Hitler and his Croatian puppet Pavelich and that any notion of his collaboration with the Nazis is purely Titoist propaganda. His fault lay, they claim, in refusing to christen Serbian believers.

In Yugoslavia the religious holidays, Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter are working days. The communist calendar designates instead the eighth of May and the twenty-seventh of July as statutory holidays in celebration of Partisan victories.

As for higher education in Yugoslavia, the standard is extremely high and very rigorous. I met two students of English from the country's oldest university in Zagreb. Over a period of six years they had each read in English more than eighty books—Shakespeare, Milton, Fielding, Chaucer, the established poets, and contemporary English and American writers, as well as a great deal in Italian and German. One evening we had a protracted discussion over "Hamlet" which they considered the greatest work ever written along with Dante's "Divine Comedy." But more than anything they enjoy Jack London.

One of the students, a young lady of twenty-two, arises each morning between five and six a.m. to study English until noon. She then has lunch and studies English until supper. Some days she works nineteen hours—"particularly," she said, "when reading James Joyce." Her ambition along with that of many others is to leave Yugoslavia for the New World. Unfortunately, very few Yugoslavs are allowed passports and even if they get one they are not allowed to bring out any money.

One evening, when we were chatting in a cafe, she stopped, looked around and said quickly, "change the subject." I did—and an enormous seal-like man lunged by. This neanderthalic individual was a member of the secret police—the Udba. It was his duty to patrol the cafe—picking up any bits of information that might conveniently be used against someone. Even though these "Udba" are all over the country, the people have such a remarkable knack for sensing them that very few ever get arrested.

A Journey through the Country

The journey from Zagreb, the capital of Croatia to Belgrade the capital of Serbia and the People's Republic of Yugoslavia is an over-night one by train. It is only some two hundred miles between Zagreb the last frontier of Western civilization and Belgrade the gateway to the East. In Belgrade the language is not written in the familiar Latin script but in the Cyrillic alphabet of Byzantium. The worshippers are Greek Orthodox or Moslem, rather than Roman Catholic.

Today Belgrade, as most cities in Yugoslavia, is going through an energetic process of de-bolshevization. Red Army Street has been renamed Boulevard of the Revolution. Moscow Street, where the Canadian Embassy is found, has changed in name so many times that cartographers still call it by the original name while the politicians make up their mind. It makes things in Belgrade almost impossible to locate. The Moscow Hotel—the grandest structure on Marshal Tito Street—has still not been renamed but, I was told emphatically, it will be very soon.

I found comedy programs on the Voice of America very popular in Belgrade. The people don't understand a word of what is being said—but they love the noise of the studio audience, partly perhaps, because Belgrade is as lively as a morgue. Since there are almost no cars in Belgrade—those which do exist are the grand chariots of diplomats—the main streets are completely silent except for the shuffle of feet. It gives one an eerie, almost ghost-like impression. The weird

atmosphere is accentuated by the grotesque design of the modern buildings, each topped with giant red stars and the magic letters T.I.T.O. in neon.

The whole population of Belgrade seemed to ride with me on the night train to Sarajevo through two hundred miles of rock and forest. Sarajevo, founded by the Turks in the fifteenth century, is the capital of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It seems to contain innumerable churches; within one block there is a giant mosque, a Roman Catholic, and a Greek Orthodox cathedral. This sleepy little mountain town gained great notoriety, of course, in 1914, when the Archduke of Austria, Franz Ferdinand, was assassinated by a young Bosnian fanatic, thereby precipitating World War I. The bridge where it happened is still there—a slender, graceful structure over a silent motionless stream.

I arrived at Dubrovnik, one of the loveliest cities in the world, at five a.m. Trains in Yugoslavia seem to leave only at midnight and arrive only at some early hour in the morning. No matter what time you arrive, though, people are always about, the cafes filled and the trolleys packed. The ancient walled city of Dubrovnik truly glitters like a precious stone beside the emerald Adriatic. Everywhere is the scent of bougainvillea. The sun sparkles and the air is clean. From Dubrovnik a steamer sails through two hundred and seventy-five miles of majestic scenery on the way to Rijeka. At the island of Korcula a brass band welcomes the ship and at Hvar the whole population gathers on the dock. At Split, swarms get off and swarms get on—so many that people crowd the deck at night to sleep.

On the way from Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, to Maribor on the Austrian border, I found myself talking to a corpulent Macedonian and an attractive student from the university of Ljubljana. Soon the conversation touched on prices in England, Canada and Yugoslavia. The young student asked me how much I would pay for shoes in Canada. When I told her she gasped. The pair of flimsy, bad-quality shoes she was wearing had cost her one month's salary—six thousand dinars or twenty dollars. When she told me this the Macedonian was extremely angry and demanded to see her registration booklet—something everyone must carry in Yugoslavia. He examined it very closely and continued to speak harshly. The young student asked me in English not to speak to her until he had gone. Then for the next fifteen minutes this young lady did everything in her power to placate the Macedonian—finally he got off—and immediately she apologized, telling me her action was necessary since he was a communist party member from Skopje. He had told us he was a doctor. Her life would have been made difficult, she assured me, if she had not been so falsely charming to him. She then went on to explain her loathing for communism and everything it stood for. At the university, though not a Marxist, she was obliged to give the Marxist interpretation to all subjects, even music. It was obvious to her as to us in the West that in such an atmosphere intellectual honesty becomes stifled, independent enquiry non-existent, and freedom of expression an impossibility.

However great the changes since 1948, Tito is still emphatically outside the folds of democracy. One of these days, I feel sure, the people of Yugoslavia will have a government that is a more accurate expression of their national aspirations and of their individual free choice.

Any Book You Want

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Is Britain Too Solid?

► THE TRAVELLER RECENTLY arrived from Britain notices many things in Canada which differ from the environment to which he was accustomed overseas. It is not unusual to hear him comment on "unlimited resources" which seem to provide a steady stream of income and wealth, of "pioneer vigor" which enables the Canadian to enjoy the continual fight against the frontier, and of the bewildering mixture of "individuality" and "co-operation" which are said to arise from the sturdy Canadian's attitude to his competitors and allies in their joint struggle for security. Such differences between the British and Canadian economies have often been noted and, whether apparent or real, are so obvious as to require little further comment.

There is another point of difference which is noted by both the returning Canadian and by the immigrant Briton. This is expressed, politely, as the striking temporariness of Canadian structures: they are thrown up almost overnight and often appear ready to be knocked down as quickly. Less polite visitors say flatly that Canadian towns are messy: they are cluttered up with overhead wires, their storefronts lack finish or care, and their streets and boulevards reflect the indifference of the townspeople to neatness and prettiness.

Though it is not worth while investigating the truth of this generalization, it is interesting to question that apparent insistence in Britain that buildings must be solid and permanent, that power lines be buried in the ground, that second-class highways be paved and edged with sidewalks and curbstones, and that shopfronts be of materials and design apparently to last forever. For there can be no doubt that Britons take a greater interest in the durability of their possessions than Canadians. I remember working in an office in a "hut" built after the war. In contrast to the Canadian idea of a hut, this one was built of pre-stressed concrete and brick, with tiled roof, inlaid-block floor and central heating! While its external aspect was less glorious than that of its venerable neighbors, there is no doubt that it would—and perhaps will—stand for twenty or thirty years more. Of course, there is a great deal of housing and other construction taking place now for which no claims of unusual durability can be made, but what is flimsy in Britain is still likely to be regarded as monumental in Canada.

Why is this? Why do Britons, hard-pressed to pay for their imports, threatened by inflation, needing new factory equipment, and following a somewhat austere dietary regime, nevertheless devote a large portion of their investment outlay to over-building their private and public capital goods? It is certainly not because, as individuals, they are saving a large fraction of their national income for the future. Indeed, there has been some evidence to suggest that individuals (as opposed to firms or the government) on the average saved none of their income in the last three or four years; though of course dis-saving by some has been offset by great thrift of others.

What saving (that is, the diversion of incomes from current to capital expenditures) has taken place has been undertaken by business in plowed-back profits, and by the state in running a surplus, taxing for public works, and in various ways drawing in funds from overseas. The construction of capital goods has also been in the hands of these two sectors of the economy.

It may be suggested that three factors have combined to bias their decisions about the elaborateness of investments. First, the postwar era of cheap money has meant that the rate of interest failed to induce planners to pare their needs to the bone. Local authorities found themselves either "in" funds or "out" depending upon Whitehall decisions, but were never worried by a shortage of capital once approval was

received. Second, old businesses using plowed-back profits and local governments spending grants or revenues were not in any case as sensitive to the rationing of the rate of interest as were the few new firms with access to the money market or the stock exchange. Third, both old organizations and new have followed the investment habits of thirty years ago. Once funds are obtained they have produced telephone boxes like fortresses, office buildings like mansions, and factory buildings like the Tower, eschewing flimsiness and mobility in favor of monumentality and durability. Some educational authorities have taken an interest in pre-fabricated school buildings, and the Ministry of Housing is encouraging cost-cutting experiments, but on the whole industry and housing have rejected the cheap, spacious and temporary in favor of the dear, cramped, and eternal.

There are of course other explanations as well. In Britain bricks and steel are often cheaper than wood and glass, so that durability is an automatic by-product of economical building. Also, it must not be forgotten that with 45 million people, public works must be built to stand more frequent use than in Canada.

But even when these factors have been taken into account, the Canadian is impressed again and again by the unnecessary elaboration of construction. When he comments, he is told, "but this will last, you know." In spite of the criticisms of a few writers such as Roy Harrod (in *Are These Hardships Necessary?*) the prevailing attitude reflects the pre-war idea that "if a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing well." Better no road at all than one which is bumpy and uncurbed. Though writers may point out that such economy in the use of capital as is constantly to be observed in North America might enable more things to be done roughly but effectively, the Briton until recently has persisted in putting all his eggs in a few baskets, and building for posterity.

It remains to be seen whether the current relaxing of money market controls will induce local governments and industry to economize in the use of national savings. Perhaps Canadians going to Britain may yet complain of the flimsiness of British buildings and roads, and boast of the solidity of Canadian structures. In such a situation, Britain could allocate more of her output to re-equipping her productive industries and to overseas investment, currently starved of capital while housing, distribution, and public works build for the future.

A. D. SCOTT

What Year of Tomorrow

Maladjustment with dignity beyond
rail-supported *mal de mer* and
backyard flips of mutual grief
embraces hunger
of caress-starvation,
latency of barren forms . . .

Nameless yearning looms
to its leech-niched role
with keen pronged sucking
of the seasoned blood
joining intellect to seize
propitious time and element
hurtling morbid facts with radar aim
exploding bombs on tired cities . . .

Now citizens altogether sleep unyielding slumber
vegetation fingers the clever paths
frustration sinks onto its vast couch
of black velvet dreaming . . .

For the night is long.

Lee Richard Hayman



Flooding the country is a great tidal wave of literature. Fascinating and beautifully printed, but salacious, subversive, suggestive, and socialistic, it is capturing the imagination and enlisting the sympathies of millions of Africans. Books, magazines, newspapers, pamphlets and posters are blanketing the country that is slowly becoming literate. AND LITTLE IS BEING DONE.

(The Sudan Witness, Toronto)

Montreal, Jan. 5—(CP)—Embarrassed CBC officials said Monday an incorrectly-labelled record was the reason the United States national anthem was heard as background music to a scene of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth in the French-language television program "L'Actualité."

(Vancouver Sun)

The resolution presented to yesterday's meeting of the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, at the King Edward Hotel, asked that persons who had lost their driver's license be prohibited from driving tractors on the highways. "I think we should keep in mind the fact that no one loses his license lightly in this province," said Lawrence Kerr of Chatham. "And, I might add, that it isn't right for a man who has lost his license for drunk driving to be able to drive his tractor into town and get drunk all over again."

(Globe and Mail)

Theresa Gray's most recent press notices in Toronto, after her "Prom" and "Pop" concerts, were redundant in praise.

(CBC Times)

The teachers have decided to cease participating in all extracurricular school activities after Jan. 22 and the teen-age representatives said they would support the teachers in this stand—until Jan. 22. One young pressure-groupier thought he saw a perfect course of action in what he considered to be the political philosophy of the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King.

"I think our best bet now is to back our teachers' demands, but to sit on the fence regarding future plans," he said. "Mackenzie King never took a positive stand. He always sat on the fence. Let's all be like him."

(Frank Tumpene, The Globe and Mail)

Mr. [Walter] Harris . . . quoted the late Prime Minister King as saying that "immigration should not and would not alter the fundamental character of our people." Just what did Mr. King mean by that statement? Mr. Harris explained he meant two things: That the racial background of our people would be maintained within reasonable balance; and that we would avoid an influx of persons whose viewpoint differed substantially from that of the average, respectable, God-fearing Canadian.

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to D. W. Macdonald, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

On the Air

► JUST AS I DID when I last spoke critically about radio, I'd like to take off again from a BBC publication — *The Listener*.

The BBC, of course, has several critical programs, and in *The Listener*, which it publishes, it reprints a good many of its critical talks. At the risk of seeming to earn my pittance by letting some one else think for me, I'm going to quote a bit from one of these reviews. It's by Martin Armstrong, a frequent and discerning critic of the English wireless, and make no mistake, it's relevant.

"For reasons which are hidden from me, the Third Programme holds that the short story should be administered to its flock in very small doses and not too often. However, last week, greatly daring, it provided a Russian story, 'The Keeper of the Post-Horse Station' by Pushkin—a beautiful tale which lasted no less than thirty-five minutes. For me it was pure pleasure, and I hope its success will encourage the Third Programme to abandon all restraint and give us

longer and longer stories—up to an hour, say. Why not?"

I'd like to echo Mr. Armstrong's "Why not?" just as emphatically as I can. For you have only to replace his "Third Programme" by our CBC and you have the Canadian situation exactly. For reasons which are hidden from us all, the CBC holds that the short story should be administered in small doses and not too often.

In one way the situation here is worse than in England, for the CBC has had a great deal of experience with the short story—enough, you might say, to know better. And in the writer's way the situation is much worse, for England has a large publishing industry—many book publishers and a great many magazines.

But perhaps we'd better begin at the beginning. The whole great field of entertainment which we now call radio, television, theatre, movies, and even reading had one single beginning—the told story. As soon as man could communicate in any way other than by waving his flippers he began making up stories and telling them to his friends, and even away back then the told story was extraordinarily satisfying entertainment. It still is.

The CBC knew this several years ago, when it began the series called "Canadian Short Stories." But it was cautious, and Canadian Short Stories has seldom given us more than one fifteen minute story once a week. For one brief period, however, the Corporation became, as Mr. Armstrong says, "Greatly daring." That was when it allowed Bernard Braden to begin his memorable series "Bernie Braden Tells a Story." This series gave us a fifteen minute story not once a week, but *five times* a week, and since Canadian Short Stories was also running, we had in all six stories every week, and this was very good indeed.

In the first place, if you accept the fact that the told story, the story read aloud, is good entertainment, then we had an hour and a half a week of this kind of good entertainment. It can't be disputed that the stories made good radio fare, for the Braden series really was very popular with listeners—so popular, in fact, that one or two sponsors were becoming interested.

Just as important, the series was extraordinarily popular among writers. I know a certain number of writers, and you'll hardly ever find half a dozen gathered together without hearing somebody nostalgically recall the Braden series. That happens even now, five years after the series has gone. You may ask why I think this is important, and the answer is in this: that the CBC accepts, and admits, a measure of responsibility to the writers of this country. Without question it provides the biggest market, the largest outlet for written material which this country has ever seen. In a single year it uses two hundred half-hour radio plays, at least fifty which run an hour or longer, at least fifty television plays of assorted lengths, and untold millions of words of talks, copy, and continuity of all kinds. In all these directions it serves the writer well.

But this is all "radio writing", it takes no account of a very old and solid tradition — a feeling deeply rooted in writers. This feeling holds, even after thirty years of radio, that radio writing is a little inferior—that it's somehow better to write a good short story than a good radio play. On the whole a good many people who write or who think seriously about writing go along with this belief. If it's sound, then we see at once that the CBC is doing a great deal to support and encourage the radio writer, but practically nothing for (as we might call him) the real writer. That's why we should have, on the air, a much more liberal use of the short story than we have at present.

In each year of its life the Braden series used two hundred and sixty short stories—even at the miserable fee which

the CBC then paid, nine thousand dollars a year went into the pockets of our writers. In its two years of life it used stories by no fewer than one hundred and eighty Canadian writers. A great many of them, of course, were completely unknown, and a good many have remained unknown. But a few—perhaps a dozen—largely because of the start and encouragement which Bernie gave them, have gone on writing and have become both better known and better writers.

Now when this admirable series was taken off, some rather peculiar reasons were advanced. One, that the stories were not good enough; that too many poor or formula stories were being broadcast. Well, I submit that the one infallible way to make a writer produce better stories is to make, or let, or help him keep on writing. And a formula story (the literary snobs to the contrary) is not automatically bad; adherence to a good formula merely ensures that many men and women will find your story interesting.

Again, it was said that the standards of the Braden series were away below those of Canadian Short Stories. Certainly they were different standards—deliberately different, because that series was aimed at a wide audience. If Canadian Short Stories sets out to be *The Atlantic Monthly* of the network, then Bernie's target was *The Saturday Evening Post*. With, I must admit, traces of *True Confessions* thrown in. But I am sure of two things, and I followed both series most intently for a long time. Hardly a week passed in which Bernie did not read at least one story of Canadian Short Stories quality—sometimes a story which had actually appeared on the other series, or which later turned up as a Canadian Short Story. The other sure thing is this: one of the privately owned stations, carrying Canadian Short Stories as part of the network, once sent a bitter wire to the CBC, after an especially dull story had been used. "For God's sake," it said, "get rid of this audience butcher!" Nothing of that kind ever happened to the Braden series—as I said, sponsors were interested, which is an infallible sign of audience approval.

Now I'm not maintaining that we shouldn't have a high-quality story series on the air, because of course we should. Now and then the hucksters and the low-brow audience should be butchered, for the good of all concerned. But also we should have more stories—just such a five-a-week series as Bernie provided. We should have it because the good but not too high-brow story interests practically everyone; because, well-read, it makes better radio than most radio men think; and because such a series would be of the greatest value, in every way, to the writers of this country.

* * *

Now, if you were puzzled by the somewhat peculiar beginning and unusual style of the above, let me explain that it was written to be spoken, as an episode on "Critically Speaking." The Talks Department suggested that I should be its radio critic two or three times during the fall, and again on some occasions after Christmas. I prepared and delivered one script, dealing with repeats and soap operas, and was interested and pleased to find that something happened which I had never heard happen in a good many years of following this program intently; the four succeeding radio critics took some account of what I had said. The above script was to have been the second. And I submit that while one or two of its opinions are a little heterodox, it does give serious consideration to a serious problem. But it was rejected with the opinion that all this happened a long time ago; that it really wasn't very interesting; and that the Talks Department saw no point in digging up a very dead horse. They were, of course, the people who had killed this very useful animal and buried it, they hoped, out of sight and out of mind.

Whatever the virtues of this particular case, it fits in with other evidence that the Talks Department does not want to encourage genuine criticism, especially when the criticism is aimed at that department. On many occasions it has interfered with the content of critics' talks, and, on this occasion, simply did not let him broadcast when his opinions happened to conflict with its own. The dangerous thing is that the Talks Department controls *Critically Speaking* and thus is in a position to exclude anything which treads on its own toes.

Within the Corporation this department has, I understand, been attempting to build up its position by referring to itself as "the CBC's conscience." I think that someone with a genuinely open mind and a real conscience, and with enough authority to make his decisions stick, should start housecleaning.

ALLAN SANGSTER

Film Review

► THERE WAS A TIME, not too long ago, when foreign language films were regarded by the general public either as the mainstay of smelly little houses in the more dubious parts of town, or as the peculiar property of the snobs and long-hairs, who talked in a superior manner about Cinema Values and countered any remarks in favor of Hollywood or English comedy with lofty references to *The Italian Straw Hat* or the exquisite work of Alexander Ptushko in *Gulliver*. Now, however, it is not uncommon to see three or four foreign films playing in the same week at as many theatres, not all of them by any means patronized only by the precious few. Gradually it is beginning to dawn on the general public that foreign movies can be good without being either sensational or esoteric; and what is perhaps even more healthy for the industry as a whole, that they can also be seen and enjoyed by all kinds of people who wouldn't recognize *montage* if they saw it and think that if anybody called Ptushko exists at all, it must only be as a bad joke.

Within the last two weeks, for example, Toronto houses have been drawing crowds, and good ones, for several foreign language films. Most notable perhaps of the lot was a five-story package called *Times Gone By*, a light-weight Italian film directed by Alessandro Blasetti. Four of the five stories, set in nineteenth-century Italy are reflections, differing in seriousness and approach on the subject of fidelity in human relationships. The treatments of the subject range from the innocent and relatively uncomplicated attitude of the small boy of ten, who gets the idea that babies come from kissing, and then is determined to protect his equally innocent playmate from the horrid consequences of their childish friendship, to a dramatic and penetrating study by Luigi Pirandello of a husband who, though technically faithful to his wife, and therefore full of conscious virtue, is really responsible for her betrayal of him, and its dreadful aftermath. As a director, Blasetti has a double-barrelled reputation on the Continent, first for a strong sense of realistic detail, and second for his masterly way of handling group composition—crowds particularly. This last talent comes out especially strongly in the fifth story, which takes place entirely within the confines of a crowded Italian courtroom. Vittorio de Sica is very good as the shrewd lawyer who defends the beautiful but promiscuous Gina Lolobrigida on a charge of murdering her mother-in-law. As it turns out, this rollicking farce also sheds a new light on marital fidelity, by suggesting that some beauty is far too overpowering to be entrusted to a single custodian; the prisoner is acquitted on the grounds that to deprive a thirsty world of such intoxication would be positively sinful. *Times Gone By* is not what you could call an important movie, but it is a delightful one.



HORNED OWL (Drawing)—THOREAU MACDONALD

Another theatre ran a double bill, which combined Roberto Rossellini's *Germany, Year Zero*, under a new title, *Evil Street*, with a Czech film called *Women Without Names*, written and directed by Geza Radvanyi. Both of these films made the point that peace on earth, particularly just after a world war, is a comparatively meaningless term. Rossellini studies one character, a twelve year old boy, living with his family in the post-war ruins of Berlin. As you might expect from *Open City* or *Paisan*, the desolate atmosphere of the ruined city and the squalor of life there is strongly conveyed; and so is the dilemma of the boy, who deliberately poisons his sick father because everyone has told him, including the old man himself, how much better off the family would be without the extra burden, and then is shattered by the unaccountable and shocking grief the family plunges into. It is a strange and almost inhuman movie, without pity and without humour. *Women Without Names*, on the other hand, is equally graphic and pointed, but its warmth and affection take the chill off despair, so to speak. Here is presented, for the first time, as far as I know, a picture of an international post-war prison-camp near Trieste, the inmates of which, all women, have committed no crime except that of having no homes to go to and no hope of employment. In spite of its frankly melodramatic plot—there's at least one murder, an agonizing childbirth, and a wildcat struggle for freedom which the international authorities put down with firehoses — *Women Without Names* is not a sensational movie; and it does make both clear and fascinating the tragic dilemma of the permanently dispossessed.

Sadko, which is currently enjoying a three-week run in Toronto, is a Russian film in Magnacolor, which although it hasn't anything like the power of splendor of the recent *Grand Concert*, does have the color, strangeness, and charm of an unfamiliar fairy tale, as well as Rimsky-Korsakov's ballet-opera music. Apparently *Sadko* was one of the folk heroes of Russian epic—valiant, romantic, and indestructible, and the movie follows some of his incredible adventures in search of the bird of happiness. Two of the episodes are especially effective; one an Arabian-nights fantasy of creeping horror, the other a rollicking underwater encounter with Neptune and his quarrelsome wife, complete with a bug-eyed octopus, a pet flounder, and a last-minute escape by sea-horse. Ptushko, the director, not only proves but justifies his existence by the simple enjoyment he obviously got out of all the trick-shots and special effects, for which he is well-known among European film-makers. In fact, *Sadko* is actually a much better and more imaginative movie for children of any age or nationality than, say, Disney's *Peter Pan* or *Cinderella*.

D. MOSDELL

NFB

United Nations Screen Magazine No. 25	16mm	11 mins.
Everybody's Handicapped	16 & 35mm	18 mins.
The Wind-Swept Isles	16 & 35mm	10 mins.
The Settler	16 & 35mm	17 mins.

(All photographed in black and white)

►THE UNITED NATIONS, in the minds of the general public, is symbolized by discussion; if this admirable organization does anything it is talk, and whether its many conferences achieve their desired result is something one is never quite sure of. Strange as it may seem, few people are aware of the UN's positive achievements in a non-political sense, that is, the magnificent humanitarian and literary work being carried on throughout the world under the banner of UNESCO, UNICEF and other divisions. The public would learn more about this if theatres would only show the *United Nations Screen Magazine* (distributed in Canada by the NFB) which is released at regular intervals and has now

reached its twenty-fifth issue. Produced by the United Nations Film Board, each issue is devoted to a different phase of UN activity. No. 25 shows how the UN dealt with the problem of Italy's pre-war colonies in Africa. Libya was given self-government, Eritrea became part of Ethiopia and Somaliland is being administered jointly by Italy and the UN for a period of ten years, after which it will be ready for independence. The manner in which Somaliland is being governed takes up the greater part of the film, with education for future administration, health problems and food production being touched on. The whole is an illuminating report on subjects we seldom hear about. The newsreel technique employed makes the *United Nations Screen Magazine* absorbing to general audiences and the commentaries are usually well-written and nicely spoken. The regular presentation of them in commercial theatres could do so much for the cause of world understanding, and as the film industry prides itself on being charitable to all men this is one way to prove it. Otherwise, the UN must depend on television and, in Canada, the Film Councils, to bring its reports to the public.

In *Everybody's Handicapped* (produced by Graphic Associates Film Production Ltd. for the NFB) Edward Miller, a National Employment Service placement officer, takes on the task of trying to find work for physically handicapped people. Most employers are reluctant to accept them, but he proves, through a number of examples, how disabled workers, if placed in jobs which are within their capabilities, are as satisfactory as, and often superior to, the normal worker. From the beginning of this picture it is obvious that director Ernest Reid was determined to make a "cinematic" film, using a mobile camera, dialogue actors, and natural sounds. He himself however, was handicapped by a confused and indirect flashback script (provided by the sponsor, the Department of Labor) in which all the incidents are noticeably contrived, and by stilted performances from Sydney Brown, Neil LeRoy, Paul Kligman and several others. Or perhaps Mr. Reid was not quite sure of himself in directing actors, whose parts could have been taken by persons doing the actual job. Ed MacNamara, as Ed Miller, is the film's most agreeable asset, but why he had to go through the tiresome routine of convincing himself that placing handicapped people was worthwhile is just one of the script's many peculiarities.

Realism infused with poetry and lyricism is not to be found very often in today's documentaries, but *The Wind Swept Isles* and *The Settler* are two remarkable exceptions. *The Wind Swept Isles*, directed by Jean Palardy, is a beautiful study of life on the Magdala Islands in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, on which live the descendants of fifteen Acadian families who make their living by fishing. The entrancing photography of Jean Roy catches the fierceness of the racing seas, the beauty of the cloud-filled skies, the motion of the fishing boats running quickly through the waves, the melancholy, tearing wind, driving loose scrub along the beach, the calm faces of the islanders in their small homes and enjoying simple celebrations, and the fishermen with their lanterns, silhouetted in the early dawn as they prepare for the day's fishing. The sensitive direction and photography is complemented by Eldon Rathurn's expressive music and Frank Peddie's sympathetic narration, full of feeling and always a part of the picture. Brief though it is, this film is filled with the spirit of Flaherty.

In *The Settler*, director Bernard Devlin has cleverly and dramatically reconstructed the settlement of the Abitibi region during the depression in 1936, when a small group of unemployed people from Quebec went north into unknown land and for over three years endured incredible hardship as they cleared the land of trees to make it ready for farming. After they had broken their backs and their spirits, the ma-

chines came and accomplished in a day as much work as they had done in a month. As years passed the little community of St. Pierre came into being, the railway arrived, the land became productive and the new generation grew up in a town which had been born in its time. Strikingly photographed by Dennis Gillson and tellingly underlined by Morris Surdin's score, this picture is given strength through the conflict between the people and the land, the dramatic, pictorial and human qualities of which the director has realized with skill and sincerity. The commentary, written by the director, is spoken in a quiet, sad voice by William Greaves in a manner which gives one the feeling that he was actually living through this difficult period of human endeavor.

GERALD PRATLEY

Music Review

► STRING QUARTETS are perhaps less likely than pianists or conductors to be typed as interpreters of a particular composer or group of composers. We classify their aptitudes less than we do those of Schnabel, Weingartner, Malcuzyński, Landowska or Beecham—to mention some obvious examples. But perhaps the recording companies are in the process of changing all that. In the thirties the Haydn Society had the Pro Arte Quartet record most of Haydn's quartets, and first Victor and, more recently, Columbia limited its recordings of Beethoven's quartets almost exclusively to performances by the Budapest Quartet.

The trend, at least as far as Haydn and Beethoven are concerned (not to mention Bartok and Schonberg), seems to be continuing. Victor, since losing the Budapest, has continued its exclusive policy by substituting the Paganini Quartet, which has up to the present recorded ten of the sixteen quartets. As the other six are unrepresented in Victor's current stock, it is safe to assume that the Paganini will fill up the gap shortly. It lacks some of the drive and dramatic expressiveness of the old Budapest, but plays with remarkable finish and brilliancy. I listened to half a dozen quartets (Nos. 1, 2, 7, 9, 10 and 16) and was particularly impressed by the purity and simplicity of its playing. Despite the technical expertness and the spirited precision of the attack and phrasing, no quartet could be less mannered or less anxious to do Beethoven in its own unique way. The Paganini Quartet gives us conventional playing at its best.

Like Victor, the Haydn Society (which may well be a different organization from the old one) has had to find a new quartet. It has chosen the Schneider Quartet, whose leader was formerly the second violin of the Budapest, and has already released a majority of Haydn's fifty or so quartets. The trouble with the old Pro Arte performances was that, although lively and accurate, they simply did not rise to the height of Haydn's best music. The Pro Arte played adequately, but its limits (perhaps self-imposed) were obvious. The Schneider performances, however (if I may judge from listening to the first three quartets of Op. 20), while they lose none of the clarity and good taste which distinguished their predecessors, have a greater expressive range, without trying to make Haydn sound like Brahms. Any one who likes Haydn and his quartets ought to sample some of the records in this series.

At last Victor has given us a new LP pressing of one of the greatest of all operatic recordings, the Lehmann-Schumann-Olszewska-Mayr set of *Der Rosenkavalier*, originally recorded in the early thirties. Less than half the opera is represented on these two LP's, but, as half of *Der Rosenkavalier* is worthless to listen to unless you can see a performance, such cutting is really no loss on records. The recording is threadbare at times, but no such technical faults can conceal the wonderful sounds that Lehmann, Schumann

and Olszewska are able to make out of Strauss's charming score. Each of the three sopranos has her own exciting and distinctive quality, which finally blends with the others in the great trio of the last act. Victor releases the set under its Collector's Issue Label, and quite correctly calls it "a recording of great historical and musical interest."

Another excellent set in the series reproduces a fairly recent and well recorded performance of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Gigli, Caniglia and Barbieri in the main roles of what seems to me one of Verdi's most compact consistently written operas.

MILTON WILSON

Ottawa

On Nepean Point
each day at noon
the gun goes Boom.

It goes BOOM.

Once is enough
to say twelve o'clock.
Boom it shouts.

The girls and women,
men and boys
go running out
coffee and a sandwich
coffee and a sandwich.

Below the Buildings
winds the Ottawa
it swirls below Eddy's
and gulls follow
fighting and calling
where islands of pulp-waste
appear almost orange
in color, hideous
but fascinating.

All this may be seen
from Nepean Point
where an old man stands
listening for Conservative bells
which have not rung
for twenty years
for years and years.

Douglas Lockhead.

Books Reviewed

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN POLITICS: Daniel J. Boorstin; W. J. Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. ix, 202; \$3.25.

Mr. Truman's decision, four or five years ago, to counter Soviet propaganda by an American "Campaign of Truth" was greeted with some misgiving by his thoughtful countrymen who grew increasingly disturbed when, under the auspices of his successor, the Voice of America acquired the strident and uncompromising tones of the voices of Madison Avenue. But apart from an occasional protest that it was immoral, inexpedient or undignified to resort to the techniques of totalitarians to combat their doctrines, few could offer a refutation of the new policy.

Such is now to be found in *The Genius of American Politics*, an adaptation of Professor Boorstin's lectures under the Walgreen Foundation at the University of Chicago in 1952 for which he selected, with commendable courage, the theme that "nothing could be more un-American than to urge other countries to imitate America" and that "If we rely on the 'philosophy of American democracy' as a weapon in

the world-wide struggle, we are relying on a weapon which may prove a dud." Briefly, Mr. Boorstin's thesis is this. America cannot successfully oppose communist doctrine by a doctrine of her own for the simple reason that she has never produced one. Any attempt to match ideologies with the Soviets would therefore involve a reliance upon timeworn clichés or the hasty and raffish contrivances of amateur and professional hucksters. These will convince no one. And what is even more serious, they will irreparably destroy the real genius of American politics which is to provide not a persuasive theory but the good life in practice. That is why they are un-American.

This argument rests pretty heavily upon the contention that "the marvellous success and vitality of our institutions is equaled by the amazing poverty and inarticulateness of our theorizing about politics" (p. 8); and taking the first assertion for granted, Mr. Boorstin devotes much of his book to explaining how and why American political thought has remained barren and uninspired. He points out that no original theory emerged from the three great historical events which might be expected to have produced one. The Pilgrims brought a perfectly formed theory of society with them from Europe; but their social and theological dogmas were soon perverted by their successful conquest of the American wilderness and ultimately obliterated. The American revolution, fought against a colonial rather than an *ancien régime*, lacking the fanatical drive of a nationalist revolt, essentially conservative, and incredibly successful at the first try, was singularly free from the factors which make for dogma and doctrine. So was the Civil War. Neither North nor South pursued a new vision of society but fought to protect their own institutions.

Now, says Mr. Boorstin, there is no reason to be ashamed of the poverty of American political philosophy. On the contrary, there is every reason to be thankful for it. Absence of a vigorous tradition of political thought is not a fault but a blessing. Too few Americans have recognized this; too many have been "too easily persuaded that the cancers of European life" (its plethora of social and political doctrines, its multitude of political parties) "are healthy growths and that we are deformed for not possessing them" (p. 182). They persist in making "the un-American demand for a philosophy of democracy"; and since there is no such animal, a torrent of *ersatz* and superficiality is released in the attempt. This accounts for the extraordinary amount of eikonography (perhaps Ikonography would be more exact) in contemporary American life: the deification of the Founding Fathers, the worship of the physical Constitution, carefully preserved between thin layers of helium; for the mingling of religious and political thought and ritual; and for that disastrous identification in the public mind of espionage and irreverence to which Senator McCarthy owes his national prominence. It accounts too, for the failure to project a convincing image of America to the peoples whose allegiance America is trying so desperately to obtain—a failure for which the egg-heads have been as responsible as the ad-men. What, then, is to be done? Mr. Boorstin's remedy is as simple as it will be unpalatable to those who have demanded a more "positive" program against world communism: "We must refuse to become crusaders for liberalism, in order to remain liberals . . . We must refuse to become crusaders for conservatism, in order to conserve the institutions and the genius which have made America great" (p. 189).

It is to be hoped that this advice will commend itself to the present framers of American policy; indeed, the recent statements by the President and the New Director of the U.S. Information Agency, Mr. Theodore Streibert, would appear to subscribe to the principles set forth so convincingly by Mr. Boorstin. Whether or not he is directly responsible

for the new approach (if such it be), he has in any event written a profound and provocative book. It shows that what the author describes as "cultural hypochondria"—an ailment from which Canadians have also suffered—is not wholly virulent; for his essay is a symptom of the disease, and all its readers will be in his debt. *James Eayers*

CANADA: A STORY OF CHALLENGE: J. M. S. Careless; Macmillan; pp. 417; \$3.50.

Since the end of World War II many of our best scholars have applied their pens to the writing of Canadian history. Professor Careless of the University of Toronto is the most recent in a long and brilliant line. Those who hold the now outmoded view that Canadian history is dull may wonder why so many of our finest minds can find nourishment and challenge here. This book gives an exciting answer, if one is still needed.

An amazing amount of material is crammed into a very little space. The book does not have the high drama of Creighton's *Dominion of the North*, nor quite the brilliant paradox of Lower's *Colony to Nation*, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. It is Book II in a new British Commonwealth Series being issued by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press "in order to tell young students in each part of the Commonwealth about the history of the other parts and of the whole"—an undertaking in which, appropriately, the best historians of the whole Commonwealth are concerned. In the Canadian volume Dr. Careless has done us proud.

The subtitle is "A Story of Challenge." The great challenge, of course, is geography. But Canada has had more than her share of challenges. There are also "the pull of the United States, the influences stemming from Britain and France, and the inter-relationships of the French and English-speaking communities in Canada." All are neatly woven into this thoughtful, sensitive, and frequently colorful narrative. The reader is carried through four well defined acts in the drama. There is the geographical setting, and the appearance of the first actors—the red men and the early Europeans. Then follows the period of French rule, so important for the future development of the nation. The third act is a brilliant presentation of those complex years between 1760 and the confederation of 1867. Finally, there is the era of nationhood, at first in name only, and gradually in fact indeed. In the best Toynbee tradition, the author of this volume manages to show that the challenges have been squarely met by the Canadian people and their leaders who, in various ways and for various reasons, have been determined through the years to keep the wheels of the cumbersome Canadian cart turning.

On the last page of the book, Dr. Careless, looking back over the failures and triumphs of the past, says this: "There were plentiful faults and weaknesses in the Canadian structure, but the surprising thing was that it had been built at all." In other words, the creation and continued existence of a Canadian nation has been a miracle. And miracles are never dull. *Gordon Frazer.*

WINGED WORDS: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AS WRITER AND SPEAKER: H. L. Stewart; Ryerson Press; pp. vii, 114; \$2.50.

Both the title and the subject are appropriate to this post-humous work by Dr. Hubert Leslie Stewart, whose own "winged words"—whether in critical treatises, in such periodicals as his own *Dalhousie Review*, or on the air—have carried light and learning to so many readers and listeners. Mr. Churchill (he was not Sir Winston when the text of this book was written, and the more familiar name still appeals) offered a congenial subject for Dr. Stewart, who was to no small degree endowed with so many of the same talents: eloquence of tongue and pen; a well-stored memory, from which the apt comparison, the swift rejoinder, the pertinent

illustration were always at command; a flair for the incisive phrase balanced by a subtlety that prevented over-reaching. Although he has been so much more, Churchill is at present of paramount interest as a man of letters; Dr. Stewart's critical acumen provides a deft sketch of the growing mastery that has led to the Nobel prize. As a master of the spoken word, Sir Winston draws praise that might well have been written of Dr. Stewart himself, for "exceptional skill in adapting an argument to the receptive system of an audience, so that the listener will have maximum help against confusion, against mistaking what is incidental for what is fundamental."

As politician and statesman, and as a biographer and historian concerned with the complex interplay of forces that determines political history, Churchill provided his interpreter with perfect material for his mastery of exegesis. Disputed episodes in the earlier career—for example the Dardanelles campaign and the shifts of allegiance in party politics—are not omitted from consideration, but they are revealed as being not inconsistent with the final picture of "the Englishman," the leader whose strength and stature symbolized the faith of his countrymen in the grim days of the War in which he did not flag nor fail.

This is not Dr. Stewart's most important book, nor (we venture to say) would he have wished it to be so regarded; but, with a subject both great and complex, it is a fitting epitome of the skill to elucidate and interpret for which this eloquent teacher and critic will long be remembered.

C. L. Bennett

BEYOND CONTAINMENT: by William Henry Chamberlin; Saunders (Regnery); pp. 1x, 406; \$6.50.

This is a very good presentation of the world situation which faces the United States and her Western allies in the cold war. But its title is a misnomer. Mr. Chamberlin does not know as yet what lies beyond containment, and he has no clear program for anything beyond. It is all very well to say that the Stalin era has ended and the Eisenhower era has begun, to feature as a subtitle on the jacket of the book the phrase "America's Second Crusade", and to print a couple of the new President's speeches in an appendix. But rhetoric is not a substitute for policy. What the book really does, and what it is chiefly concerned to do, is to enlighten the North American public about the actualities of Soviet policy in Russia, in eastern Europe and in Asia, and about the mistakes made by American policy since 1940. It is perhaps somewhat over-severe on Messrs. Marshall and Acheson, but it is equally severe in its handling of Churchill's abandonment of Poland. Of course, it is written with the wisdom of hindsight. But Mr. Chamberlin has the great advantage over most other American publicists that he can boast that he grasped the real nature of Sovietism and Stalinism from the start when he was a correspondent in Russia after the revolution. The book is full of good sentences, such as: "Immigration is the sincerest form of flattery" and "(in the U.S.S.R.) all nationalities are equal but some are more equal than others." Altogether a very readable and illuminating piece of analysis.

F.H.U.

MAN, TIME AND FOSSILS: Ruth Moore; pp. 411, 32 pl.; McClelland and Stewart; \$6.50.

Miss Ruth Moore, science feature writer for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has produced a timely, readable popularization of 150 years' research on the subject of evolution. She has gleaned from monographs, journals and other scientific sources the theories and conclusions of the outstanding workers in the field and has also managed to include a surprising amount of their more complex research data. This is not as formidable as it may seem for Miss Moore has, happily, adopted the technique of focusing attention on the interests

and personalities of the scientists as well as on their theories.

Anyone who ventures to survey an area as vast as this must necessarily face the extremely difficult task of selecting from endless data in order to ensure a balanced presentation. With one or two unimportant exceptions, the author has succeeded admirably. A certain lack of balance is apparent to one with an anthropological bias, in the selection of scientists to be included in the survey. To devote a chapter each to men like Cope and Giard, while omitting a chapter dealing with the contributions of Keith and McCown in the field of Human Palaeontology is, perhaps, questionable. Moreover, so much emphasis has been placed on the early workers such as Darwin, that Miss Moore has been forced to restrict her presentation of later researchers to little more than a recital of their scientific views. Consequently, these men emerge more stilted and impersonal, less warmly human by comparison.

The line drawings in the text are well done in the modern manner and some actually serve symbolically to tie the chapters together, but one might wish that their significance were more apparent. It was most unfortunate that the book went to press such a short time before Piltdown Man was discredited for the author has based many of her conclusions on evidence supplied by this particular fossil. It is a tribute to her scientific integrity, however, to find that she has presented all aspects of the debate on the Piltdown finds and that her conclusions are, none-the-less, valid. Both the scientist and the layman will find much of value in this survey. *Man, Time and Fossils* is a book that everyone who considers himself educated should read.

Margaret C. Pirie

THE BEST HUMOR FROM PUNCH: edited by William Cole and illustrated by Sprod; Nelson, Foster & Scott (World); pp. 350; \$3.95.

The editor of this collection remarks in his introduction, "*Punch*, of course, is written in English, not American." He could have added that the magazine reflects a particular point of view which, in spite of the Labor Party's brief encounter with the problems of governing, has remained constant for sometime. It is not only that the essays in this volume are directed to a relatively well-read audience: three pieces which I noticed on first glancing through the collection require for their effect some knowledge of, respectively, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, Milton's *Lycidas*, and *Ode to Autumn*. The humor in *Punch* is that of the dispassionate observer of life, who understands its traditional pattern, and reserves a "slim, feasting smile" for people who struggle uselessly to alter its form. This smile is not really cruel, and may even be kindly; but it is always deceptively mild. *Punch* is almost diffident. It avoids punch-lines. There is nothing parallel in the American scene, unless it is the deadpan comment of the classic New Englander.

The New Yorker (America's *Punch*) takes quite another tack. Its most famous cartoon, "I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it!", has emotion, verve, *panache*. *The New Yorker* is often belligerent. It orders the reader to laugh. Perelman and Peter Arno are *intent* on their audience. The American, still making his world, cannot be the observer; he must partake, act, become. In consequence, he is sometimes unsure of himself, and in times of hot (or even cold) war, his humor may lose its edge. Even *The New Yorker*, during World War II, succumbed now and then to poster art masquerading as humor. *Punch* never does this. It saves its hatred of the enemy (which is ferocious, under the suavity) for the weekly political cartoon. For the rest, it adopts a casual air of seeming indifference, since the enemy (by being the enemy) is already sufficiently a fool.

To the American, *Punch* often seems languid, snobbish and redolent of caste. The confirmed reader of *Punch* has,

for his part, a tendency to see something of the parvenu in *The New Yorker*. Both points of view are understandable and even, in a sense, accurate. Unfortunately, this sometimes blinds each to the merits of the other. The nightmare world of Perelman, for instance, remains mysterious to most *Punch*-readers. Yet the best part of this collection—its section of "Parodies"—will probably appeal to American readers, who prefer extravagant parody, but who are being prepared by Thurber and White for the discussion of their world in terms of controlled parody. And for Canadians, *The Best Humor From Punch* will be a wonderful bedside book.

Hugh Maclean

OAKVILLE AND THE SIXTEEN—THE HISTORY OF AN ONTARIO PORT: Hazel C. Mathews; University of Toronto Press; pp. xxv, 521; \$10.00.

"Since the aim was to record the history of the town, I could not omit important details," the author of this book states in the preface, and that ever an author more faithfully and thoroughly did her work could well be doubted.

From its beginnings in lumbering in the early 1800's to the coming of the Ford company in 1953, it would seem impossible any important detail about Oakville and the surrounding district has been omitted. With objective impartiality Mrs. Mathews writes of the construction of the harbor, so important for the opening up of the territory, or the coming of a colored barber to the community. The great merit of her book is that, whether telling of the building of a church or the opening of a tinshop, she relates the activity to the individuals associated with it, giving life to the narrative. It is interesting here to note that families of more than a century ago have descendants in the town today.

Where Oakville now stands a magnificent primordial forest once stood, pine and white oak two hundred feet tall. A common sight one hundred years ago, it is amusing to think what a mild sensation a timber eighty feet long and four feet square would cause if drawn through the streets of Oakville today. Incidentally the fine trees seen on its streets now are no part of the original forest, but were planted to beautify the community around 1857.

This is a difficult book to summarize—the "details" of which the author wrote seem limitless. In the early 1820's the village was an important lumbering centre. Related to this was the sailing vessel, which took away the timber products for export. Then the building of sailing vessels was a major enterprise in the community. When the forests were thinned out wheat growing took the place largely of lumbering and the sailing vessels took away the wheat for export.

In rapid succession seemed to follow improved roads and the railroads, which slowly but surely took away the commercial transportation from the sailing vessel. The lumbering days were over, wheat growing passed to Western Canada, and Oakville saw a declining population and many years of adversity.

Behind the major activities of the early years, lumbering, boat building and wheat growing, were a great many secondary business ventures — to everyone of which Mrs. Mathews gives consideration. Add to this all the churches and schools, the preachers, teachers and professional men who inhabited the town for more than a century; then to this add a look back at the war of 1812, a look forward to the deepening of the St. Lawrence and the possible revival of Oakville as a port, a survey of the many politicians and political changes over the years, with something on the Mackenzie and Riel rebellions, the two world wars and the many destructive fires suffered by the town, and, brother, you have much to summarize.

Oakville and The Sixteen is a fine effort. A beautifully printed, informative book, rich in local history. Good reading

for anyone and particularly a volume it is hard to imagine anyone with roots in Oakville or Halton County not wishing to own.

Stewart Cowan.

SEX AND THE NATURE OF THINGS: N. J. Berrill; Dodd, Mead; pp. 256; \$4.00.

The biologist has a professional licence for taking a keen and frank interest in sex. Sometimes, of course, he may stray from the field of his own competence and conduct a galloping poll of the sex life of the Modern American. But the biologist has a broader and more interesting story to tell the public and this has been lucidly done by Dr. Berrill of McGill University.

He portrays the wandering path of sex and reproduction through the life of plants and animals. There are many strange things: virgin birth among the water fleas; courtship display of spiders, fiddler crabs and birds; sex determination among the honey bees; the delicate balance between maleness and femaleness.

The biological background for human behavior is sketched in a survey of fishes, amphibians, reptiles, platypus and ape. The artist can see the might-have-been and the fantasy of other possible worlds if human evolution had taken a different course. The creative mind can obtain here germinal ideas for another "Orlando" story or another escape theme. Other readers will learn more of their own nature from these pages than from the "Report." There is reverence here as well as laughter; and beauty dwells in the richer mystery.

I. O.



PAUL LEPOINTE AS THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR IN "AND SO TO BED" (Ottawa Drama League)—FRAN JONES

THE TIME OF INDIFFERENCE: Alberto Moravia; British Book Service (Secker & Warburg); pp. 303; \$3.00.

A HANDFUL OF BLACKBERRIES: Ignazio Silone; Musson (Harper); pp. 314; \$3.50.

The Time of Indifference is Alberto Moravia's first novel, originally published in 1929 and now reprinted in a new translation by Angus Davidson. Even in this early novel we can find those characteristics which are so noticeable in Moravia's later books; his facility, professionalism and cosmopolitanism; that detachment which persists in novels like *The Conformist*, where (I believe) detachment actually becomes a source of disorder and corruption; and his curiously inverted, flamboyant and yet analytical concern with sex. *The Time of Indifference* is about five people—a woman, her son and daughter, the mother's lover, and a woman friend—who are all variously involved in the betrayal of one another. In this tiny shadow-society, "indifference" is the theme, the cause of decay, and the one source of activity. In three hundred pages, however, the theme grows mechanical and repetitious, and it becomes increasingly plain that this novel offers very little beneath its tarnished surface. Moravia's novels compel a kind of sour fascination but little real respect, and *The Time of Indifference* is clearly a minor work.

Moravia, we are told, belongs to the cosmopolitan tradition which has dominated writing in Italy since the war. Silone, like his great predecessor, the Sicilian Giovanni Verga, belongs to a regional tradition which is apparently more honored abroad than in contemporary Italy. Whatever defects this regional tradition may have, it also possesses a strength which makes *A Handful of Blackberries* a moving and powerful book, even though it is not a very successful novel.

That strength is a love for people and a deep sharing of their tragedies and joys. Of all the ex-Communist writers Silone is the only one with much humor and a genuine love for the poor. In his new novel, as in *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*, his peasants are *individuals*, people of great warmth and humor and sadness. They triumphantly survive even the crushing weight of allegory. They provide a dozen stories of endurance and sorrow and solidarity which might have come from the pages of a novel by Verga or one of the great Russians. And Silone does not forget, even when his love for the peasants threatens to become a kind of ideology, that they are real people; noble and suffering and compassionate, perhaps, but also given to cupidity and cunning and heedless violence.

A Handful of Blackberries is the story of a remote village in Southern Italy after the collapse of the Fascist regime. The Communist Party has swaggered out of the Underground. A group of peasants-turned-bandits attempt to establish a Soviet, and are rebuked for taking Party propaganda at face value. The Party attempts to put to its own uses a trumpet which occupies a legendary place in the lives of the peasants. The trumpet is a symbol of instinctive solidarity: "It's a way of calling out to each other, being together and giving each other courage." Rocco, a dedicated young Communist, abandons the Party and is slandered by his former comrades. Stella, a Jewish refugee who has wandered to this lost corner of Europe from Vienna, and who has been brought into the Party by Rocco, struggles to compose her loyalties. The peasants, urged on by those who have returned from service in the army, demand land, and the Party attempts to betray them.

All this makes up a curious, uneven novel. It is more self-conscious, more deliberately allegorical, more argumentative than Silone's early books. It is a tale of the "folk" with

heavy ideological overtones. And while Silone has used this form before, it was directed then against the old, rather foolish and disreputable dictatorship, while now the political issues seem even more alien and sinister in this sad, remote village. The central characters, and the Party functionaries in particular, are insubstantial and wooden figures. The religious strain is more pronounced than ever; sometimes it gives the novel a static quality, and it creates the impression of a place and a people who are somehow moving beyond our comprehension.

Yet Silone's intense, sometimes brooding humanity redeems *A Handful of Blackberries*. And unlike so many of the ex-Communists Silone refuses to deny the noble instincts of his past. Somewhere in the novel he says that "For Martino the latest happenings, in a way, are still those of twenty years ago . . . In between, there has been a sort of night, a little longer than usual, that's all." Many of Silone's contemporaries were lost in that night, but he has come through almost intact. And while mere nostalgia would be a crippling indulgence, it is good to find Silone, in this time of shifting allegiances and sudden loyalties, still strong in his faith in the goodness and persistence of a people who survive and are somehow human and joyful in a thin land where there are but two bitter seasons.

Robert Weaver

GOETHE'S FAUST: Barker Fairley; Oxford (Clarendon Press); pp. 132; \$2.00.

The six essays which make up Professor Fairley's new study of *Faust* deal with separate aspects of the play: the dramatic characters, the form, the Gretchen tragedy as a detached piece of writing and the way in which it was fitted into the larger structure, the two Walpurgisnachts, recurring themes, and the fifth act of *Faust II*. The first essay relates the main figures to lyrical sources of inspiration, as "characters which have the universality of symbols without at any point betraying the hollowness of symbols." The "humorous" nature of Goethe's characters is sometimes felt to be a weakness: to this reader, at any rate, Professor Fairley makes Goethe's point. The second essay defines the form of the poem, "which is at once dramatic, epic, and lyrical without being properly any one of the three," as "a dialectical form," thoroughly in keeping with Goethe's view of life: the principle of the poem's unity thus made explicit makes Goethe seem very much our contemporary. The last essay ends by suggesting one way of relating *Faust* to the main tradition of Western poetry. "What the great poets persist in saying is that man is eternally the same, century after century, and will never be different: the central elements in the Goethean conception, will, desire, and energy, are essentially dynamic, as is the form of the play. "Tragedy does not lend itself readily to progressive thought or to any considerations of human life except those that dwell on retrospect and limitation. The same can be claimed for the closed artistic form." *Faust*, then, may be taken as "a powerful corrective" to the great tradition of "masterpieces that end by closing the door."

J. M.

HITLER'S DEFEAT IN RUSSIA: General Wladyslaw Anders; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Regnery); pp. xx, 267; \$5.25.

This little book by the distinguished and able commander of the 2nd Polish Corps in Italy in the Second World War is based on wide reading but is not the history of the German campaigns in Russia which is so much needed. It is written with the object of dispersing what General Anders calls "the persistent myth of Russia's invincibility." His thesis is that the German defeat was due mainly to four factors: "first, Hitler's military blunders; second, his political blunders of a moral and psychological nature; third, the World's moral support, and the material aid given to USSR

by the British and the Americans; and fourth, Anglo-American strategic bombing of the Third Reich and the tying up of the German forces in the West." General Anders' analysis of these factors, all of which were important, is often penetrating and valuable; but many readers will have the feeling that other factors, the natural strength of Russia and the tenacity of the Red Army, may have played a greater part than he is willing to admit. They will remember the comment written in December, 1941, by the German General Guderian, who was then commanding a Panzer Army south of Moscow: "The enemy, the size of the country and the foulness of the weather were all grossly underestimated, and we are suffering for that now." Nothing is more important at this moment than a coldly realistic assessment of the strength and the weakness of Russia. This book can hardly be considered such an assessment. Written by a Polish exile who naturally lives for the liberation of Poland, it is perhaps best regarded as a contribution to the discussion from a special viewpoint.

C. P. Stacey

RENOWN AT STRATFORD: Tyrone Guthrie, Robertson Davies, Grant Macdonald; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 127; \$3.50.

For this record of the Canadian Shakespeare Festival held at Stratford this year, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has written an hilarious account of his part in the Festival. "On the bony work-worn fingers of the Tent Man there flashed and flickered jewelled rings." Besides being hilarious and making some careless but brilliant stabs at Canadian character his contribution has some very serious and wise things to say about the Festival's future and about its possible effect on Canadian acting.

From Mr. Robertson Davies the reader hears things about the history of stage directors and make-up that he probably didn't know before. Mr. Davies is very enthusiastic about the productions and has perhaps excusably forgotten that *Macbeth* as well as *All's Well* opens with a female character. Mr. Davies' text, humorous, learned and excited, accompanies more than a score of portraits, portraits of actors and actresses who took part in the Festival, drawn by Mr. Grant Macdonald. These drawings are not at all like the weasel-shaped workers Mr. Macdonald has been doing on the back of *Time*; they're just straight, colored likenesses and I think they not only help you to remember what the performances were like but, also, if you didn't go to the Festival suggest quite skillfully what happened there. One of the most interesting portraits is Guinness' Richard with the left eye heavily filmed and an abortive looking pig hanging around his neck. Robinson as Ratcliff is a chilling study of sadism accomplished in that normally peaceful color (old ladies' legs under the tables at the Honeydew)—beige. The odd thing about these portraits is that they're paintings of people who have already been painting and sculpturing their faces with grease paint; you get a double painting within painting feeling from the Macdonald drawings as well as a glimpse of some magnificent costumes and a memento of an easily remembered event.

James Reaney.

THE LIMITS OF THE EARTH: Fairfield Osborn; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 236; \$4.00.

The day before this book came into the hands of the reviewer, the press reported two speeches given at "Canada's Tomorrow" conference at Quebec City. One scientist predicted that within a few decades there would be no poverty in Canada; the other believed that, within that period, our country would barely be able to support its population. This latter view (for the world at large) is vigorously supported in Osborn's well-documented book. It is, he says, "resources of the earth" opposed to the "numbers of people." Our resources are running out and there are no promising new lands that

may be exploited readily. Some additional foodstuffs and other raw materials can be developed from the sea fisheries, pond culture, alga, yeast, plankton and seaweed. We are, he contends, approaching the limits of the earth's resources. On the other hand, populations are increasing. In the past three centuries the world total of humans has increased five-fold. Three-fifths of this number are living on a sub-marginal diet. Osborn suggests more and more countries will follow the example of Sweden and India and recommend birth control.

It is a sombre book but not an unrealistic one. Will our distant descendants eat capsules of amino acids, instead of steaks? Can the scientist pull another rabbit out the hat in time—and cook it?

J. O.

OTONABEE PIONEERS: G. H. Needler; Burns and MacEachern; pp. 171; \$3.25.

For the most part, this book is a digest of the accounts of the pioneering lives of Frances Stewart, Samuel Strickland, Catherine Traill and Susanna Moodie as depicted in greater detail in their own respective literary publications.

The chief enjoyment, then, of Prof. Needler's book, apart from a quick refreshing of our memory, is in his gentle but merry criticisms of the two authors, Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie, and in his appraisal of the lives of the four Otonabee Pioneers as well as the Sturgeon Lakers, Thomas Need and John Langton.

Of these, it is Mrs. Moodie who comes in inevitably for the greatest criticism, gentle though that criticism may be. I say inevitably, for it is certainly Susanna Moodie who arouses the greatest reaction in the reader. Mrs. Stewart, in the letters of *Our Forest Home* is homesick, lonely and often sad, but she obviously takes what comes, good and bad, as God's will. Mrs. Traill adjusted best of all to her new country, utilizing her own gifts in combination with what her new environment had to offer, thereby enjoying herself and enriching the lives of others. Mrs. Moodie, the baby of her family, is more high-spirited, more outspoken, more snobbish and all round more annoying than either her sister or her neighbor. Professor Needler justifiably points out that her difficulties were no greater than, if indeed as great as, those of her sister, further back in the bush, or of Mrs. Stewart who had been "roughing it" ten years before Susanna arrived. The hardships which she describes in an attempt to deter other people of her class from settling in Canada were not, he points out, necessarily caused by pioneering conditions but by the unwise investment by Mr. Moodie of their original funds.

Nevertheless, *Roughing It In the Bush* is, in the opinion of this reviewer, the most engaging and amusing of the various accounts, though not the most factually rewarding. Mrs. Moodie helped to keep the family pot boiling by writing for magazines. "A large part of her contributions to periodicals is of a metrical nature," Prof. Needler says, dryly summing up that department of her work. He impishly inserts in his book no fewer than four specimens of her verse and even one of her husband's "metrical efforts" entitled "The Ould Dhragoon," rather unmercifully disinterred from the pages of the Moodies' short-lived magazine *The Literary Garland*.

These accounts of the "literary pioneers" of the Peterborough district make the most fascinating reading to come out of English-speaking Canada. Yet, apart from the *Backwoods of Canada*, *Roughing it in the Bush*, and the recently published *Letters of Anne Langton*, it is next to impossible to obtain any of them. To have them all drawn together in one book, with résumés of some of the lesser-known literary works, with comparisons and evaluations of these letters and autobiographies is a pleasure for which we are indeed grateful to Professor Needler.

S. Lambert

PAUSE: AN EMILY CARR SKETCH BOOK: Emily Carr; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 148; \$3.00.

Emily Carr having worked too hard as an art student in England weakened her heart and had to spend eighteen months in a sanatorium. *Pause: An Emily Carr Sketch Book* is a record in writing and drawing of that lonely restricted time.

Those who have read her other books know with what vividness she is able to make you see and feel as she saw and felt. If style is the expression of individuality then Emily Carr has style in abundance. It is this direct contact with her vision and mind and emotion that keeps one turning the pages. How she loves to deflate the high and mighty and protect and care for the helpless. She enlivens with her sense of the absurd the deadly routine of the sanatorium with its code of awful and persistent cheerfulness, the plucky attempt at a festive Christmas and the much talked of annual picnic. Then there are descriptions of patients. She stirs your chuckles as well as your tenderness when she talks about Angelina who "had hayfever in a superlative way" and "combated her complaint by valiantly ignoring it." If the patients were unequal to reading the books Angelina brought, she read to them. "The sense was all sneezed out but Angelina kept right on." There were Susie Spinner "with nostrils that bored into her face like a pair of key-holes"; and the abnormally clerical parson "with a collar like a retaining wall." Emily Carr's own ache is helped by raising baby birds in her open-to-the-weather room.

The book is beautifully printed and includes twenty-four pencil drawings that come fresh and young from her sketch-book. In the more complicated figure groups she shows that even in those early days she had a feeling and understanding for composition. Her pencil line is beautifully sensitive and both the human beings and the non-human are characters with their emotions showing, all done with a great sense of fun. Some of the little animals such as the mice are precise and delicate and so like mice they almost squeak.

Vivonne McKague Housser

THE HEART OF A PEACOCK: Emily Carr; Oxford; pp. 234; \$3.50.

The Heart of a Peacock is composed of more than fifty stories, some short sketches, others quite long. They fill in for us more of the picture of Emily Carr's life. To know Miss Carr better is of course to know all the lively animals and birds she mothered and the reaction of her family and friends to their antics. There is much about her monkey Woo, the engaging and mischievous little creature that was with Miss Carr for so many years; about Crocker the crow who liked to pull out the clothes-pins from the wash line and hide nice shiny objects, and about Mary Ann, a most persistent cat with at least nine lives. There are some Indian stories told with a simplicity and understanding that is very moving. But it is not just her subject matter that holds your interest; it is her unique ability to create word pictures, to say only just enough and to say it with vividness and originality.

The story that gives the book its title is so lovely that it alone is worth the book. It seems to this reviewer that anyone whether young or old will enjoy reading it.

Y. M. H.

ONE: David Carp; Copp Clark Co.; pp. 311; \$4.00.

One is a story concerning an authoritarian state and one man. This future state exists suspended geographically and socially. The man occupies a highly placed academic position and is a family man. The state condemns anyone holding beliefs and attitudes which differ from those of the state. It purges this difference of opinion, which is called heresy,

not by punishment which has long since been abolished as a social concept, but by psychoanalysis, therapy, and understanding. Certain key individuals are retained by the state to seek out this dreaded occurrence, and our man is so occupied, and has been for over a decade. These informers are aware of others doing the same work, but their identities are unknown to each other.

From time to time informers are summoned at random by the state for a routine questioning. The man appears and under questioning, is himself discovered to be a very dangerous type of heretic, for his heresy is unconscious. After much "understanding" treatment, drug therapy is used during which the patient declares that one owes no allegiance to the state. If the state interferes with important personal allegiances one has the right to break off any contact with the state. Those responsible for ridding him of this opinion then proceed to rid him of his identity, somehow assuming that the two go hand in hand. They will allow him a new position, residence, friends, in such a way that he will not think of them as new, but merely as having been "forgotten" from the moment of his "breakdown" during the period of his treatment. After his release to this new environment, however, his heresy seems to have been transferred to his new identity, and the novel concludes on a rather sombre note.

In so far as *One* brings insight into the political atmosphere of the society from which it sprung, it is important. However, it has many inconsistencies. It is hard to sympathize with the man, fighting for his individuality. He is as intolerant of the state as it is of him, and cannot understand their interpretations of his opinions. This is extremely hard to accept especially as he was a spy and surely must have been trained in state interpretation and some definition of what heresy actually was. He is falsely accused of harboring his dangerous opinions unconsciously but oftentimes utters them quite openly while in full command of his faculties.

The state, although supposedly represented by loyal conformists, seems to be ready for a thorough housecleaning itself. The concept of punishment as a social concept although abolished is used nevertheless. Where therapy and understanding fail, the nursery school tactics of placing a man in a vacant room, seem to work miracles.

The conformist or state accepted fellow is never adequately brought to light. He exists only in the shadows of the book, and we have little standard of comparison between the make-up of this man and the heretic. The writer himself often seems to sigh deeply before many challenging ideas. Mr. Carp will advise us that a state representative possesses an intellect of a very high order, but then will fail to record conversations where these powers are put into practice. However, many ideas in this book can be traced back to action quite prevalent in many societies today. It is not the type of fiction which is foreign to our experience, and for this reason it merits more than casual reading.

Claire McLaughlin

ERNST JÜNGER: J. P. Stern; British Book Service (Bowes & Bowes); pp. 63; \$1.25.

Ernst Jünger is acknowledged even by this astute critic to be "the most important author writing in Germany today." This eminence appears to be derived partly from fortuitous circumstances. Born in 1895 he is a generation younger than the now fading giants, Mann, Hesse, Wiechert et al. An army officer in both world wars he has become the voice of a lost generation numbed by the psychotic trauma of two mass conflicts. Unlike many others he eschewed emigration and remained in Germany after 1933. Although his thinking in the twenties paralleled that of the Nazis, he avoided Nazi contamination and even published in Dec.,

1939 a thinly veiled attack on the Nazi state: *On The Marble Cliffs*, which was banned in the spring of 1940 after its 35th thousand.

While this book will be of chief interest to Germanists, it contains some penetrating insight into disquieting trends which are only slightly more marked in German than in English and other contemporary literatures. Mr. Stern doubts that writers like Jünger can properly rank as literary artists at all. Jünger rejects (or seeks to transcend) the individual and the concrete experience: "His main concern is not with the particular as such, but only in so far as it contributes explicitly to a total view which disembodies the particular . . . for what he is groping to express is life on the other side of individuation . . . in brief the contemporary atomisation of experience which Jünger himself so often shares with his society."

Mr. Stern's approach to Jünger's work and ideas is linguistic and he shows how Jünger's language and style betray at every turn his basic defect: absence of sympathy and identification with individuals. Perhaps Mr. Stern overplays his hand when he declares that Jünger's characters "are not 'characters' at all but highly stylized heraldic beasts." But his critical eye is certainly looking in the right direction.

G. W. Field.

THE BRONTE STORY: Margaret Lane; British Book Service (Heinemann); pp. 284; \$4.25.

The subtitle of *The Bronte Story* is "A Reconsideration of Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Bronte," but that does something less than justice to Miss Lane's book. She does draw largely from Mrs. Gaskell's biography, but the result is not so much a study of the biography as a fresh and stimulating account of the remarkable Bronte family. Even those who are not devotees of *Jane Eyre* or *Wuthering Heights* will enjoy this story of the Haworth Parsonage and the people who lived in it—a story which is in its way as strange and unbelievable as any of the famous novels created there. Miss Lane's remarkable achievement is that she has succeeded in making not only the four Bronte children but also their father seem like real human beings rather than characters out of a Grimm fairy tale. The chapter headings are illustrated with black-and-white sketches that catch the feeling of the narrative and add to its charm.

Edith Fowke

AN IDEA CONQUERS THE WORLD: Coudenhove-Kalergi; McGraw-Hill; pp. 310; \$4.65.

Sir Winston Churchill's foreword to the book confirms one's approval of the Nobel Literary Award. With typical economy of words, it contains the gist of the entire work (European Consolidation), and his comment is that "The movement towards European solidarity which has now begun, will not stop until it has effected tremendous and possibly decisive changes in the whole life, thought and structure of Europe . . . It may be the surest of all guarantees against the renewal of great wars."

Count Coudenhove-Kalergi submits his theories embodied in an interesting autobiography. Son of a Japanese lady of high degree and a brilliant American diplomat, his childhood home, Rosenberg Castle near Vienna, became an international centre where race prejudice, "the result of ignorance," was unknown. Possessed of an ample fortune and family prestige, he has devoted his adult life to the achievement of a united Europe. War and war-mongers have repeatedly dampened the flame, but each time it is rekindled by his unconquerable energy and idealism. He is not a pacifist. "Personal freedom must in the final analysis take precedence over peace . . . sooner or later all nations which are not ready to fight tyranny must succumb to it in one form or another." Hitler avoided him. Mussolini talked with him;

for a time agreed with him, and then violently opposed him. Chamberlain decided that "... the unification of Europe is not in the interests of Britain." This statement is in striking contrast to that of Churchill. Perhaps we do progress. The author has provided an intimate and at times enlightening picture of important figures against both European and American backgrounds during and after the last war.

E. McN.

CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA: Gustav Janouch; Ryerson; pp. 109; \$2.00.

After all the diffuse and learned volumes of criticism concerning Kafka's novels and stories which have appeared in recent years, it is a great pleasure to come across a book like Janouch's *Conversations with Kafka*, which brings Kafka to life in a remarkable and appealing way. Here is no speculation about a personality, but a series of sketches which allow us to meet Kafka in his office or walking through the squares and gardens of Prague, which allow us to overhear his talk about all manner of subjects, artists and playwrights, Zionism, the Russian Revolution, and the meaning and purpose of art.

It would be a pity if the book were read only by students of German literature and existentialists, because it is full of delight for the general reader. One need know nothing about Kafka nor about the Prague of the early 1920's to enjoy this revelation of two striking personalities—the shy young poet, tending toward hero-worship, and probably making a nuisance of himself at times, and the sensitive older friend who responded and wished to show some kindness to the boy, without harming his innocence.

Yet of course the book is of great interest to those who wish to understand the nature of Kafka's mind and the method of his art. It reveals, for example, how easily he was able to move from the ordinary world around him to the world of dream and nightmare, the world of his novels, which seemed to him close to reality.

The dream reveals the reality, which conception lags behind.

That is the horror of life—the terror of art.

For Kafka there was no escape from his vision. And yet the Kafka who emerges from this book is a man capable of faith as well as despair, capable even of laughter, and it is perhaps time that we saw him from this human point of view.

John Margeson

THE DRY SCRATCH OF LAUREL: Horace E. Hamilton; Burns and McEachern (Twayne Publishers, Inc.); pp. 85; \$3.25.

Nowadays, when one commends a book for being readable and understandable, particularly a volume of poetry, in some quarters it is often taken as a note of censure. When, therefore, we say of this book that it is readable and understandable we wish the statement to be taken as a recommendation. This poet takes his way down the middle path; he is neither very extreme nor very orthodox. His work is pleasantly sprinkled with a little of the attributes of both schools. Sometimes the impression arises that he occasionally writes, not because he must, but because he feels he ought to; the results are according to the reason. He seems to be groping at times for an expression, an idiom, an idea that he never quite grasps or expresses. But a lot of poets these days give one that impression. Perhaps it is the uncertainty of the times showing in their work. But when the poet does really grasp the idea and sets it down clearly and fully, he has accomplished something. As John Holmes puts it in that interesting anthology, *Mid-Century American Poets*, a combination of poetry with comment by the poet himself, "I have had the experience a few times of writing a thing that made me pound my desk with my fist and say, 'that's it!'" In-

cidentally, the anthology is published by the same firm that did this book.

To quote again the same writer, "It is literally true that I often do not know what I think about things until I see what I will write about them." There is more truth than poetry in that statement. To put an idea down in black and white is the final test. And to judge from some verse produced in this age the poet never really worked out or found out what he thought about whatever he was writing about. The lost ideal, the unattainable end is well expressed in the poem, "Real Estate" where the poet describes the house desired but unrealized:

Nowhere have I ever seen
Light in a winter way
Keen as once it fell
On the house we did not build.

The title of the volume is expressive of its contents. Some of the poems are brittle; they scratch the mind; a few of them go deeper and leave a more lasting impression. Some of the scene pictures are clear and concise as a black and white drawing; but with an added touch of asperity; occasionally an almost Thoreau touch. But one misses at times a sense of fulfillment that the poet himself must have missed; and therein lies his salvation. This is Mr. Hamilton's second book. We look forward to more with interest.

Arthur S. Bourinot

CONQUEST OF THE MOON: Wernher von Braun, Fred L. Whipple, and Willey Ley; edited by Cornelius Ryan, with full color illustrations and diagrams by Chesley Bonestell, Fred Freeman and Rolf Klep; Macmillan (Viking); pp. 126; \$5.25.

How we will go to the moon, with a stop-over at a space station; what we'll do when we get there (explore); and how we'll get back. All set down, clearly, practically, and in detail in a finely produced Imperial Octavo volume. That "we," you must understand, is pure editorial; personally I've never wanted any part of it nor does this book inspire me. But if we are to believe the authors, and they are obviously intelligent men with the training necessary to their chosen spheroid, moon-travel is practically an accomplished fact, and the technical problems are much closer to solution than is the financial one of raising the estimated five to seven billion dollars which the junket will cost.

The illustrations are very striking and, in short, this book will fascinate and inform all those who think of escaping to the moon in preference to staying home and helping to solve some rather urgent problems which we have right here on earth.

Allan Sangster.

GLORY OF AGES: Eugene F. McSpedden; pp. 74; \$2.00;
IN LOVE WITH EVERY FLOWER: Richard Schooner; pp. 38; \$1.50;

SELECTED POEMS: Frederick A. Johnstone; pp. 32; \$1.00;

AS THEMIS PLAYS: Florence Rand, pp. 46; \$1.00;

BESTIARY: Francis J. Mathues; pp. 32; \$2.00;

EQUINOX: Jane Beverlin Tate; pp. 46; \$2.00;

REAP THE HARVEST: Nana Watson; pp. 31; \$2.00;

SONNETS FOR EVE: Clara Aiken Speer; pp. 46; \$2.00;

MEN WALK THE EARTH: Hasye Cooperman; pp. 59; \$2.00;

FIRST SCORE: Joseph Hirsh; pp. 47; \$2.00; all from the William-Frederick Press.

The average level of work found in this spate of chap-books and hard-covered books from a New York press is depressingly low. Eugene McSpedden sprinkles verse with o's and e's and writes longwindedly in the tradition which considered such verbiage "poetic", occasionally

achieving a certain force from sheer piling up of words. Richard Schooner in a lengthy, self-important preface to a collection of sonnets eschews such "licentious practices" in poetry though considers the modernists "bards of bewilderment." After all these protestations, plus some "Notes on Proper Reading" one is not surprised to find the poems of uniform mediocrity. Frederick A. Johnstone is described in an accompanying folder as "a Negro poet in search of direction;" in a group of undistinguished poems "Race Mother" stands out as a brief expression of true and strong emotion. "As Themis Plays" achieves an occasional successful fragment in the imagist mood.

Most interesting of the five paper-covered books listed first is "Bestiary," a sonnet sequence enlivened with black and white illustrations by Alan Thielker. Most of Francis Mathues' subject matter is familiar, but handled with originality, such as the new twist in lines on the caterpillar, turned into the customarily-more-highly-esteemed butterfly:

"... when unwormed
it will forget—with flying here and there—
how much more social it was when it squirmed
across your thumb..."

In the second quintette, hard-covered, "Equinox" shows Jane Beverlin Tate another flirt with the imagist tradition, more successful than Miss Rand but producing nothing of particular impact. "Reap the Harvest" is clumsily, often downright badly written though it does deal with love and passion with frankness. Poems in "Sonnets for Eve" have

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appeared in many magazines including *Saturday Evening Post*; newspapers and church periodicals, and are pleasant specimens of this type of verse, with occasional flashes of gentle wisdom. "Men Walk the Earth" is much more pretentious stuff but fails to move the reader, though "Sinbad" is an interesting poem.

Poems in "First Score" are of a higher calibre than any of the other writers' except Mr. Mathues'. Some of these have been published in *Saturday Review* and the regrettably suspended *Tomorrow*. While what Mr. Hirsch has to say is spread out very, very thin (even typographically; the lines are pulled to breaking-point) it can be fresh and persuasive. Both Joseph Hirsch and Francis Mathues may be worth watching. A.M.

FATHER, DEAR FATHER: Ludwig Bemelmans; Macmillan; pp. 247; \$3.95.

Bemelmans' first book, and one of his best, was titled *My War with the United States*, and all his later works have been, in one way or another, reports on the progress of this still inconclusive campaign between the worldly wit and his adopted country. In *Father, Dear Father*, the United States forces are aggressively represented by Bemelmans' thirteen-year-old daughter Barbara, and the campaign is fought through France, Austria and Italy during the course of a leisurely journey. Father, as usual, is slightly ahead on points when the bell ends the contest, but Barbara forces him into a defensive stance at many points over the route. Barbara, with the immense self-righteousness common to little girls of thirteen, attacks Father on the well-chosen line that all his writing has to do with essentially worthless people, "International society—counts, dukes, Mrs. Whoosit, General Leonides Millefuegos—your snob friends." Father defends himself on the grounds (a) that these are the only people he knows well enough to write about (b) that they are very interesting (c) that he does not approve of them, but satirizes them bitterly. To which Barbara rebuts, "Maybe you start out that way, but then you fall in love with your characters, and they all turn mushy and nobody is really bad—they're just odd." Father, concerned, can only reply, "I find it hard to hate anybody, and impossible to hate anybody for long."

In between the arguments, Bemelmans makes some cogent and amusing observations about life in such places as Capri, Naples, the Tyrol, Vienna and Paris. This does not rank with his best work, probably because much of the book is a re-hash of articles written to meet the requirements and deadlines of half a dozen different U.S. slicks. Still, it's better than no Bemelmans at all. Larry Rogers

UNTIL VICTORY: HORACE MANN AND MARY PEABODY: Louise Hall Tharp; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 367; \$5.00.

Horace Mann is a figure in whom Canadians should be interested, since, as the effective founder of the American system of public education, he is the direct counterpart to Egerton Ryerson, whose 1846 Report gave to Canadian education a character it has never lost. Moreover, Ryerson is known to have been greatly impressed by the ideas which Mann introduced during his eleven-year period as Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. Mann is frequently quoted in Ryerson's 1846 Report.

Louise Tharp's *Until Victory* is not likely to awaken this potential Canadian interest in Mann. Her book, in theory, is the story of Horace Mann and Mary Peabody, his second wife; in practice it is the story of Mann, for it is impossible for the most enthusiastic admirer of Mary Peabody—and as the author of *The Peabody Sisters of Salem* Miss Tharp is a very enthusiastic Peabodian—to find equal interest and significance in her life when coupled with her husband's.

Miss Tharp does not attempt the impossible. Nonetheless, the attention devoted to the rather colorless Mary often diverts our attention from Mann's activities at important points.

Miss Tharp's concern for the relations of an undoubtedly devoted couple has a further disadvantage for the reader who is primarily interested in Mann. Despite his interest in lunatic asylums, railways, the slavery issue, and state and national politics, Mann's real importance is as an educator; quite as much, perhaps, for his work as the first president of Antioch College (1850-60) as for his better-known efforts as secretary of the Massachusetts Board. To understand fully the significance of Mann's contribution, one needs the historical context. One needs to know a good deal about the theory and practice of education in Europe and America during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century if one is to see Mann in perspective. Miss Tharp's limited purpose neither requires nor permits the supplying of such a background. R. S. Harris

THE MARMOT DRIVE: John Hersey; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 273; \$4.00.

John Hersey did a brilliant piece of reporting when he wrote *Hiroshima* in 1946, but the impression left by this, his latest novel, is that the first atom bomb fell on the wrong village. There were, probably, some quite nice people in Hiroshima. To the average reader the idea of a marmot drive, the rounding up and mass destruction of the small animals more locally known as groundhogs, by the assembled villagers armed with guns and sticks and hourly becoming more bloodthirsty, is not alluring. Add to this idea a set of people as crude, malicious and lecherous as the citizenry of Tunxia village in Connecticut, and one wonders anew on the unwholesome picture of the American Way of Life persistently presented by our younger writers. This reader, at least, protests that the picture is false.

Eben Avered, one fairly decent character, has brought back from the city with him a girl, Hester, whom he plans to marry, though the author never shows us any reason why he should. She is introduced to his family, and the following morning joins with the villagers in the marmot drive, in the process of which she either makes love to or is made love to by each man she meets. The language and emotions of the villagers become depressingly violent and coarse as the "entertainment" proceeds. That is all—there isn't anything more. E. McN.

DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET: Aubrey Menen; Saunders; pp. 203; \$3.75.

Whoever has read that perfectly delightful book *The Prevalence of Witches*, or the almost equally charming *Duke of Gallodoro* would not only wish to read more of this author's work, but to know more about him. When I heard that an autobiography was to be published I was more than pleased. *Dead Man in the Silver Market* cannot, however, be called an autobiography. It might rather be described as an impression of Menen's philosophy illustrated by personal anecdotal material; a diatribe against the British Empire; a sermon.

In his first chapter, "How I was Initiated into the Best Tribe," Mr. Menen tells us that his mother was Irish, his father Indian. His father's ancestors, Nayars of Malabar in South India, were, he says, democratic only in this one respect: in the days when Malabar was ruled by a king, the subjects, after a given number of years, cut him up ritually with scimitars and chose another ruler who eventually received similar ceremonial treatment. His mother's ancestors were brigands in Killarney. They had an itch to harry the English, and a tendency to end upon the gallows. The former trait has come down unadulterated to the author, and he

proceeds to do so with all the force he can muster into the strokes of his pen.

The first chapter and the following one, "My Grandfather and the Dirty English," are hilariously funny. From then on, with an increasing bitterness and a venomous wit he beats several dead or dying dogs, namely the English upper class, Neville Chamberlain, the belief in the superiority of the white members of the British Empire, the English nabobs in India. His most telling point he makes in the chapter that gives its name to the book. There are pleasant interludes, in chapters which are set in India, but even in these runs an undercurrent of bitterness. And he gives his Indians, whether princes or fat fakirs, a charm and wistfulness which one feels he would not give to their counterparts, were there such, in England.

He reaches a severe climax in his un-tranquil chapter entitled peacefully, "Garden Notes," though his thesis is neither as original nor as universally disbelieved as he seems to think—that we enter wars sustained by the belief in the rightness of our cause and our national virtues, which latter belief is exaggerated. Although his jibes poke at the insanity of wars and those who make and partake in them, in general they nevertheless seem to be directed chiefly at the British, past and present. This blame and condemnation the British may well deserve, but certainly theirs are not the only heads upon which such censure should be brought down.

The English would probably take no exception to the fairly gentle ribbing of the first part of the book. But considering the severe nature of the latter part, and the one-sidedness of it, plus considerable strain in their lives over the past few years, it will no doubt have more sale and popularity in the United States than in the United Kingdom.

S. Lambert

HOLMES AND WATSON: A MISCELLANY: S. C. Roberts; Oxford; pp. 137; \$2.25.

This collection is a must for members of the Baker Street Irregulars; most others will find it only mildly interesting. Mr. Roberts, a former vice-chancellor of Cambridge, is one of the leading authorities on Sherlock Holmes, and his life of Dr. Watson is regarded as "the standard biography." Here most of his essays on these two fascinating characters have been brought together, complete with footnotes and all the other trappings of biographic research. Those who don't yearn to know the exact date of Watson's marriage or to understand Holmes' attitude to women will probably prefer the chapter describing the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition of 1951. The book concludes with two unrecorded adventures of the Master.

Edith Fowke

MAN ALONE: William Doyle, with Scott O'Dell; McClelland and Stewart (Bobbs-Merrill); pp. 258; \$3.50.

Man Alone is an autobiographical story of prison life as seen from the inside, told by William Doyle, ex-inmate, with revision and reorganization by Scott O'Dell, the editor.

Unfortunately, and if I may borrow from the currently popular parody of *Dragnet* (surely not too far removed from prison life): "... if you seen one dragon you seen them all." So, if you've read one book on prison life you seem to have read them all, and all of them, however honestly written, seem to be wallowing in sex, sadism, and sensation. This comes, I suppose, from our instinctive unwillingness to admit, even to ourselves, that such places can actually exist and that such people, whether guards or prisoners, exist in them.

Man Alone is detailed, powerful, and passably written; it's certainly no worse, and in some respects perhaps a little better than the average.

A. S.

Our Contributors

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